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THE ORACLE

PUBLISHED BY THE
STUDENTS OF THE



DUVAL HIGH SCHOOL
JACKSONVILLE, FLORIDA

COMMENCEMENT NUMBER ÷ NINETEEN SEVENTEEN

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Our Eldorado.

Found is our Eldorado,
Gained at last is the prize;
We have traversed the deserts and marshes
Now Italy before us lies.
Today we go from the high school,
Launch our craft on destiny's sea,
And consign the joys we have known here
To the land of memory.

From the high school into the Big School
Where experience as teachers will guide,
Leading us to the path that is narrow,
Or to the path alluring, wide.
From the school where early foundations
Of a life of true worth have been laid;
Where the golden links have been welded
Which the chain of friendship has made.

Four years have completed their circles,
Four times fortune's wheel has turned,
And now we are reaping the harvest
For which our desire has long burned.
But in truth we are not unmindful
Of the tasks that are still undone
Of the harvests that are still to be reaped
And the prizes still to be won.

The present is youth, our springtime
When the future which lives in our dreams,
From threads of gold is woven
And lighted with bright sunbeams.
When the pathway thru life looks pleasant,
And flowers are strewn by the way;
When the mountains which rise in the distance
Seem hills on whose slopes we may play.

But the future which really confronts us
May not be the future we dreamed.
And the mountains rising before us
Will not be the hills that they seemed.
Some, perhaps, will gaze on the roses
And lie 'mong the lilies of life;
And some feel the sting of its nettles
As they take their part in the strife.

But whatever trials shall beset us
Let us each run our best for the goal;
Let each one keep to the standard
And get on the world's honor roll.
Let the sweet rose, our chosen emblem,
Of our lives a symbol be;
Clear, undefiled and unblemished,
Emblem of purity.

As the river of time rolls onward
And we look backward again,
When the years have brought life's winter
For the nineteen and seventeen class;
Then will we think of dear old Dubal
And enshrined in our hearts we'll hold
The battles we fought and won there
With our banner, light blue and gold.

We'll esteem and honor our teachers
Who gave us a helping hand,
Who guided our craft round the shallows
That we might safely land;
Gave aid in times of trouble,
Made sacrifices each day,
That breathed of a generous spirit
And helped us to win the fray.

The light blue and gold we'll remember
To the end of life's decline,
And regard it for aye as a token
Of the days of Auld Lang Syne.
And now we leave our companions,
As the parting hour draws nigh,
Let us hope it is not to be farewell
But only just Good-bye.

J. H. Vandergrift.



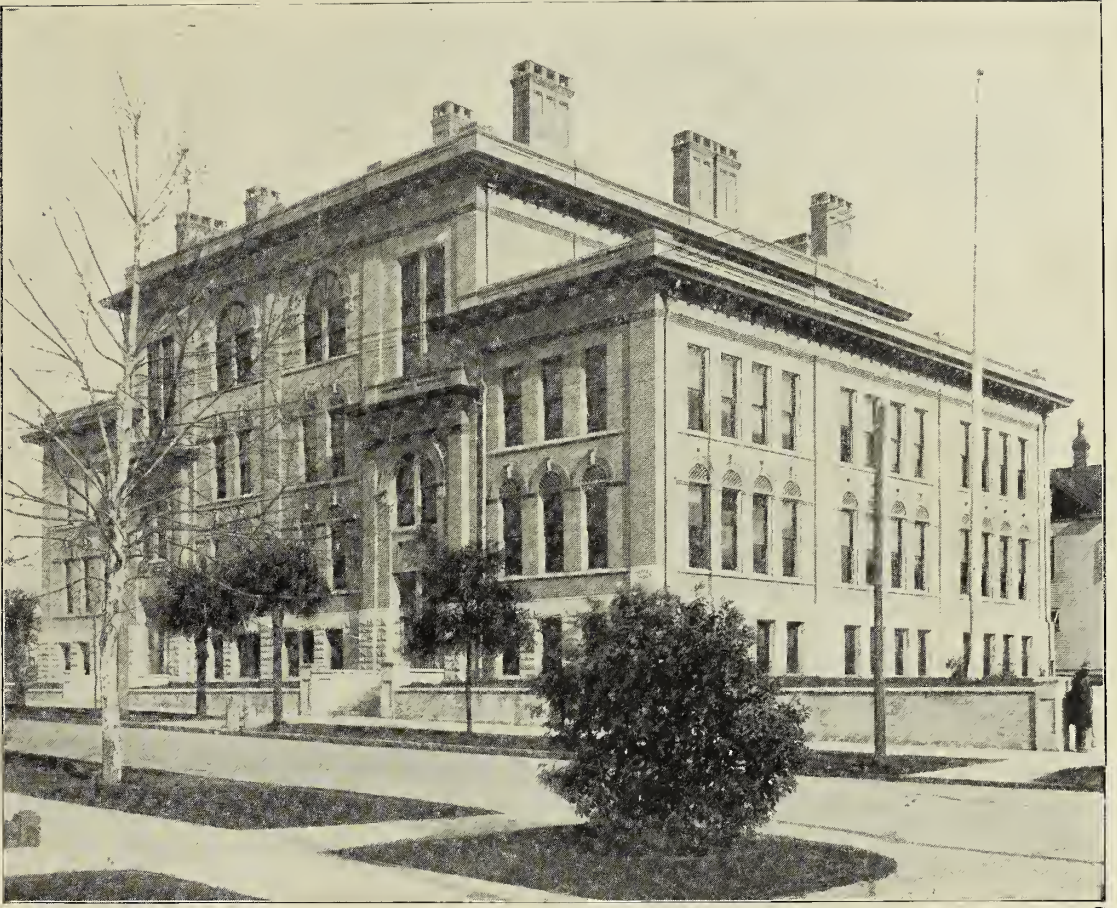
Marechal Niel Rose.

ALICE STEELE, '17

Beautiful rose of our Southland
Gold as the sun's purest beams ;
Perfect each petal, perfect the whole,
A perfect flower of our dreams.

Thou art the flower we have chosen,
Thou art the flower of our class ;
Thou art the flower which will ever be dear,
Dear still when our schooldays are past.

"Roses for love," is the adage,
And this means our love for our school ;
Always when Marechal Niel roses we see,
We'll think of thee, dear old Dubal.



Farewell, Dubal.

P. WILSON

Four years we grew—"in sunshine and
in shade,"

All unaware the sands of youth were
running low;

Four years we strove—our little fame
we made.

Of what life held beyond, how could
we know?

But now Reflection's ponderous hand
has grasped me;

Perforce I pause a moment, lost in
thought—

This June releases us, it leaves us free,
For what we willed, we wrought.

'Tis hard to stem the current of Time's
tide,

To step aside from out the general
trend,

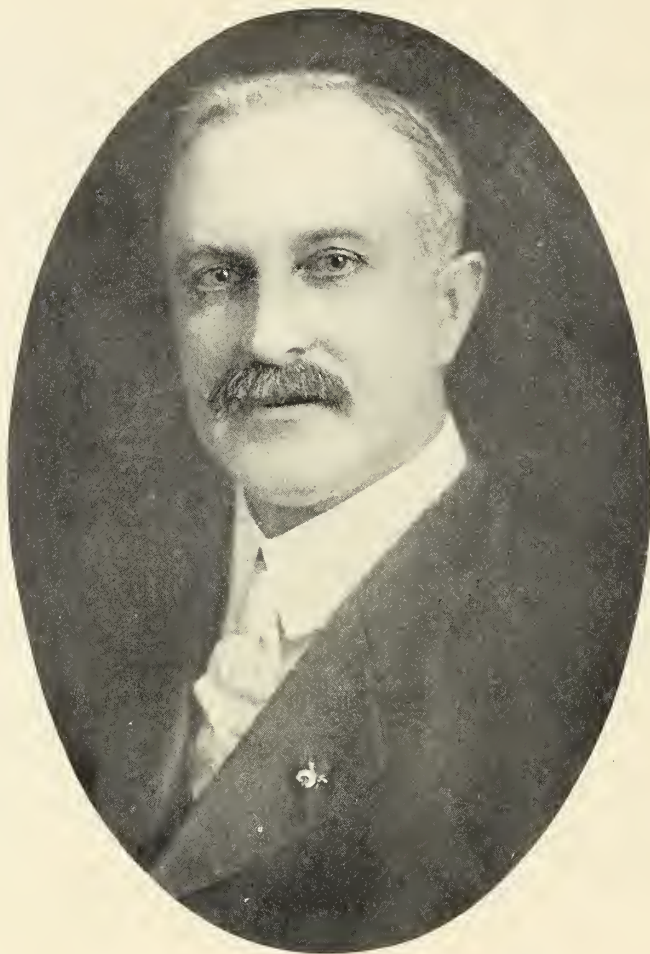
Yet still I drop my plans of place and
pride

In sorrow that, This is the End.

Dubal, sure haven of my happiest days,
When on you, in my thoughts, my
eyes I bend,

Give me the courage to tread Life's
rough ways

And think, This was the Start, and
not the End.



Our Farewell to the Faculty

P. WILSON

Alas, so late in Life's strange school,
We often find our friends—
As unperceived they fall away,
Advances turned aside.

So, Seniors, ere the day is late,
Awaken to the truth;
The friends you'll miss in after life,
Are teachers in Dubal.

No matter what your genius be,
Nor what your skill is now,
Some teacher was the one to see,
And guide you, show you how.

Repression always brings to light
What praise will sometimes kill—
Their words of just reproof but aimed
To help develop will.

As uncontrolled energy
Without some guide or check,
Is bound to be the instrument
Of its own ends' defeat.

Thus, lacking wisdom in our course,
The knowledge held by them,
Would we, deficient, so have been,
In these past years of work.

Oh! Faculty, we well may sigh;
Our friends, our aids so true.
Oh! Faculty of Dubal High,
Accept our sad adieu!

SENIOR STAFF OFFICERS

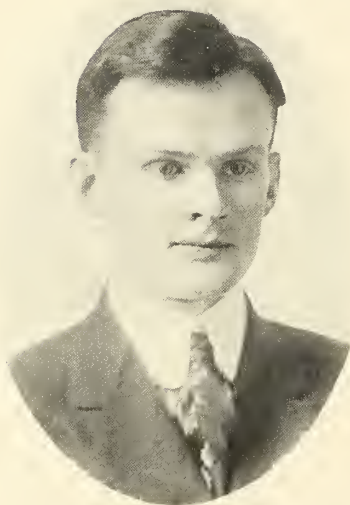


Standing—Chas. Lloyd, J. McFadden, G. Muriel, A. Williams, Ed. Floyd, V. Fish, H. Lippman, V. McIlwain, M. Gage, E. Williams, H. Slaughter, M. Hall,
Seated—S. Ossinsky, F. Wheeler, M. LeBaron, E. Richards, J. Sutherland, E. Rainey

WILLIAM MADISON

*"But if it be a sin to covet honor, then I
am the most offending soul alive."*

William, our noble President, has made our Class better by simply being a member of it. He works hard, and as a reward has been noted the best scholar in our beloved Class. Class B. B. (1); B. B. (3, 4); Baseball (3, 4); Class Football (1, 3); F. B. (4); Track (4); Oracle Staff (3); Literary Editor (4); Pres. (2, 3, 4); B. A. A. (1, 2, 3, 4); German Play (3); Fellows' Club (3, 4); Entertainment F. C. (4); Stetson Debate, Capt.; Coach Senior Play.



THOMAS HUFF

*"Taste the joy that arises from honest
labor."*

Thomas has proved a great help to the Oracle this year as Business Manager. He has indeed done his duty and we all feel that he'll receive due reward.

Oracle Staff (3)

Business Manager Oracle (4)

Usher Senior Play

Class Poem

But come! Shall we part thus, uncertain
Disheartened and tearful in woe?
Or shall we be true to our standard,
And bravely go forth to the foe?

Our class has a record of honor,
Of journeys through toil to the stars,
With banner of blue and gold flying
We've broken through irons and bars.

Now shall we let fears overwhelm us;
Give way to weak wavering and doubt?
No, no! Let us fight 'neath our standard
With courage ne'er daunted throughout!

For lifetime is not all a playtime—
Our union must break, tho 'tis sweet,
Each one has a duty that calls him
A call that he only can meet.

Life calls some to give all to others—
To some 'tis the country that calls;
But each has a mission to render—
Come! Conquer! Whatever befalls!

A rose in full bloom and perfection
Is shattered when blushing and rife—
Yet, after the petals are scattered
The seed wing their way into life.

Tho this class be stripped of its petals,
Of visible splendor be shorn,
A bond of strong men and true women,
As seed will its mission perform.

Farewell, then, to all that is dearest,
Tho paths lead through mazes obscure;
Be noble and strive to be worthy
Bring fame to a mem'ry so pure.

One last word together, O classmates,
One last word—and then we must part;
Our friendship so fond, we must sever,
Tho sadness is in every heart.

Recall how we've labored together,
Recall how we've striven and won,
Yet winning is hard, fellow Seniors,
That severs true friendships begun.

Oh yes! We have reached the goal sought for
The crown of ambition and trust—
But our goal is only a crossroads
Which bids us disband, and we must.

Disband! In that word there is sadness
For tho some shall fare of the best—
Once parted we'll ne'er be united
'Til life's sun sinks low in the west.

One short hour remains—yet this one hour
Brings changes more vast than the years
Of childhood and youth have all brought us.
How dim seems our future in fears!



Flower

Marechal Niel Rose

Motto

Ad Astra per Aspera

Colors

Light Blue and Gold

WILLIAM MADISON

Valedictory

An intermingling mood of happiness and sorrow comes over me, as I realize that this is the last message which I shall deliver to the Class of '17. Happiness, indeed, for we have reached the summit of the mountain of aspiration, and are standing at the threshold of the door of life. Sorrow, also, for the parting of the ways is hard.

Little did we dream when we entered High School as Freshmen, that in the short space of four years some of the strongest ties of our lives would be formed; ties of loyalty to a school that is square and honorable; ties of gratitude and deep devotion to a faculty, that have kindly and patiently helped us over the rough road of knowledge; lastly, and perhaps the greatest, ties of friendship,—even more than friendship—love, which shall bind us in the future to our fellow classmates. We must not break these ties; they are too dear to break. Rather let us hold them close to us, let them bind us in later years as they bind us now.

As we go forth to enter into other fields, let us remember that the world is a hard taskmaster. We cannot expect success in life to come to us. We must work and fight for our share, and I firmly believe each and every member of the Class of '17 is made of true metal, and will prove the victor in his struggle with the world. If we only carry that

"Never say die" spirit into life we have nothing to fear. Make "ad astra per aspera" your banner, and carry it before you into the strife. Be strong in spirit, in mind, and in body. Put an ideal before you and strive and strive for that ideal, until you reach the pinnacle of success in the world, as you have in school.

Again, let us remember that as we enter into the world, the conditions are entirely different from what they have been at any other period of our country's existence. If we are to prove true in life we must first of all prove true to our country. When the time comes, I sincerely hope not a member of our Class of '17 can be branded with such a despicable term as "slacker." Love of country comes next to love for God. The loyalty which we have learned in Duval is but the germ from which the greater loyalty to our country must spring.

Fellow classmates, I am proud and believe that you also are proud, that we are members of the Class of '17. Four years of association have endeared the name of '17 to us. May this endearment for our Class and for each other continue. May God speed you and guide you in your calling is the great and sincere wish of

Your President,

WM. MADISON.

CLIVE BURNS, Vice-President

*"If the heart of man be depressed with
cares,
The mist is dispelled when — appears."*

He claims to have heart trouble but this is impossible, for he has no heart. The proofs are that it is in possession of a certain little Senior girl. Here's luck. Class Football (1, 3, 4); Basket Ball (1, 2, 4); Ass. Mgr. (2); Manager B. B. (3); B. A. A. (1, 2, 3, 4); Track (1, 2, 3, 4); Manager Track Team (4); Fellows' Club (3); Secretary (4); Oracle Staff (2, 3); Debating (4); Vice-President (3, 4); Capt. Class B. B. (3); Olcott, Senior Play.

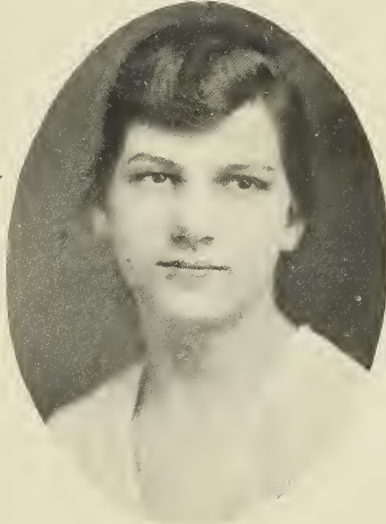


JENNIE SUTHERLAND, Secretary

"She laughs and giggles fit to die."

Jennie, one of our most beloved classmates, greets every one with the same cheery smile. She, too, is a joy to all her teachers because she is almost always there with a big fat "95."

Oracle Staff (3, 4); Secretary (3, 4); Mrs. Fairfield, Senior Play.



CHARLES LLOYD, Treasurer

*"We that are true lovers run into strange
capers."*

Charlie has won his fame as forward on the Champion B. B. team of D. H. S.

B. B. (1, 3, 4); Capt. (2); Class F. B. (4); Track (4); B. A. A. (1, 2, 3, 4); Oracle Staff (3, 4); Fellows' Club (3); Vice-Pres. F. C. (4); Treasurer (4); Walker, Senior Play.



ALICE JONES, Mascot

*"The sweetest thing that ever grew
beside a human door."*

Sis, our little Mascot, has been noted one of the sweetest girls in Class. She should certainly be given great credit if she attains a high mark in physics for it seems the fates are against her.

Mascot (3, 4); Class B. B. (3); Program Distributer, Senior Play.



Those Seniors

ELLA BROWARD

"Oh! Blest with temper whose unclouded ray

Can make tomorrow as bright as today."

Yes, we all agree that Ella's happy face is a great addition to old Duval.

Program distributor, Senior Play.

LILLIE BANDELL

"Her voice is but a whisper."

She is quiet and sedate and very unassuming.

MOREAU BOSTWICK

"Now up, now down, as a bucket in a well."

He struggles with literature but is a master of physics. He is a very happy-go-lucky kind of a boy.

B. A. A. (3); Fellow's Club (4); Oracle Staff (4); Ludlow, Senior Play.

LAURA BETTES

"Fashioned so slenderly, young and so fair."

As sweet and winsome a maiden as Annie Laurie of the song of long ago. She always seems busy as a bee.

Program Distributor, Senior Play.

JAMES BRYCE

"Glass of fashion and mould of form."
He is a fine chap, full of fun and frolic, though the boys claim he is a "fashion plate."

Football (3, 4); Class (1); Class B. B. (4); B. A. A. (1, 2, 3, 4); Mascot (3); Treasurer (4); Fellows' Club (3); Treasurer and President Fellows' Club (4); Oracle Staff (3, 4); German Play (3); Debating (4); Jones, Senior Play.

LAFAYETTE BENNETT

"Thou who hast the fatal gift of beauty."

Alas! he's a lady's man! He always has some little girl on the string.

Football (2, 3, 4); Class (3); Class Basketball (3, 4); B. A. A. (1, 2, 3, 4); Vice-Pres., B. A. A. (3); Pres. B. A. A. (4); Fellows' Club (3, 4); Debating (4); Oracle Staff (4); Dick Carson, Senior Play.

ALICE BOSTWICK

"In each cheek appears a pretty dimple."

She is plump, but one does not mind that, for being jolly and good-natured she wins friends wherever she ventures.

Caller, in Senior Play; Secretary Senior Girls' Club.

IRENE BROWN

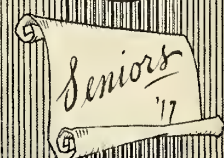
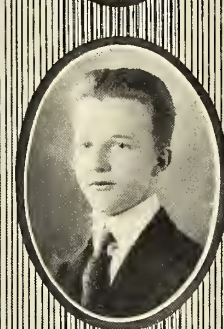
*"If ladies be but young and fair
They have the gift to know it."*

She is the rolly-polly of our great Class of '17. She has had experience in using twin 'phones and when it comes to fence climbing "she can't be beat."

Gwen, Senior Play.



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THE ORACLE

Those Seniors

RUTH CAPPS

"She speaks, behaves and acts just as she ought."

She is a sincere and conscientious worker and in history none excels.
Assistant Stage Manager, Senior Play.

ELIZABETH BAKER

*"There is a gift beyond the reach of art
—That of being eloquently silent."*

A shy little maiden is Elizabeth, who lives up to the rule, "speak when spoken to and come when you are called."
Usher, Senior Play.

PALMA WILSON

"As headstrong as an allegory on the banks of the Nile,"

Behold a future West Point man! Palma is an earnest worker, but he believes that all work and no romance makes life too monotonous.

Usher and Business Manager of Senior Play.

BEULAH BUTLER

"Speech is great, but silence is better."

She is accomplished in culinary art, and hopes some day to be a good housewife.
Usher, Senior Play.

VICTOR DeFLORIN

"Men of few words are the best workers."

This "petite" Victor seems to know more than all the "grands" boys of the Senior Class. He has no rival in Physics, Oracle Staff (2, 3, 4); German Play (3); Debating (4); Turner, Senior Play.

SARA BALFE

"That helpless look of blooming infancy."

Nothing can dampen this smiling, blushing face but room 15.

Mascot (2); Usher, Senior Play.

RUTH FOSTER

"Like unto a sunflower is her stately form."

Who said "string beans?" Ruth tends strictly to her own business and works diligently.

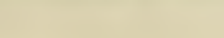
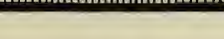
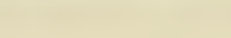
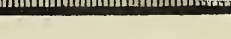
Usher, Senior Play; Basket Ball (3, 4); Program Compiler, Senior Play.

PAUL BOONE

"Brains and not size is what counts."

Paul is one of the smartest students in Vergil, and evidently he intends to use this in after life in the ministry.

Class Football (4); Class B. B. (4); B. A. A. (1); Fellows' Club (4); Debating (4); Usher, Senior Play.



Those Seniors

Seniors
'17



WRIGLEY
JACKSONVILLE

LILLIAN GANDY

"A maiden never bold."

Lillian is a very shy, demure, little Miss, who never gets in any one's way but is a steady worker.
Usher, Senior Play.

VIRGINIA FISH

"The fish that once was caught, new bait will hardly bite."

Nothing ever worries Jennie, 'nough said.
Oracle Staff (4); Class B. B. (3, 4);
Dancer, Senior Play.

MARIAN GAGE

"Her head is bound with curls o'er grown."

Marian greets every one with a cheery smile, thus brightening every class room.
Oracle Staff (4); Visiting Girl, Senior Play.

EDNA FLOYD

"She's bonnie, blooming, straight and tall."

Edna has taken great interest in all athletics and won a place on the far-famed team of D. H. S. She has been with us but two years.

JAMES HUTCHINSON

"Rise, for the day is passing and you lie dreaming still."

James is a member of our jolly ranks, but as nature will have it, he is ordained to be a looker-on.
McAllison, Senior Play.

WILL FARRELL

*"Still they gaze and still their wonder grew
How one small head could carry all she knew."*

She is a good student but does not shout the fact from the house-tops.
Usher, Senior Play.

LOIS HAZARD

"She hath a mint of knowledge in her brain."

This curly-head carries much more than one might expect.
Usher, Senior Play.

MAY GRADDICK

"Virtue is like a rich stone—best plain set."

She is always full of fun and always ready for a good time. She is a master of Cicero and Vergil all in the same year.
College Girl, Senior Play.



Seniors
'17

WRIGLEY
JACKSONVILLE

THE ORACLE

Those Seniors

MARY ICENHOUR

*"Ignorance is the curse of God.
Knowledge wherewith we fly to heaven."*

Mary is one of our best German scholars, playing leading role in the German Play. Alice, Senior Play; German Play (4).

ANNIE HARWICK

"An athlete strong to break or bind."

She would obtain much higher marks, we think, were it not for her enthusiasm in all sports. She hopes to bring the tennis championship to the Seniors this year. Program Compiler, Senior Play; President Girls' A. A. (4); Oracle Staff (4); Tennis (3, 4).

HORACE LIPPMAN

*"There are two great actors in the world
—Shakespeare and I."*

Our Assistant Professor can rattle off Hume's Philosophy like a streak, but he can not talk of later men, as Tennyson or maybe Burke. German Play (3); Prof. Albright, Senior Play.

LAWRENCE HOLTON

"He hath a lean and hungry look."

Skinny (as the boys say) is one of our jolliest boys and surely our days would not be half so bright if he were lacking. Track Team (4); Class Football (4); McCoy, Senior Play.

IRENE LIPSCOMB

"How full of briars is this working-day world."

This young maid almost left our ranks to venture upon the field of matrimony, but came back to graduate with us. Program Distributer, Senior Play.

MILDRED HALL

"A pair of dark and eloquent eyes."

Mildred is one of the brightest of the Seniors. Oracle Staff (1, 2, 3, 4); Mary, Senior Play.

HELEN LEARNED

"Worth her weight in gold."

Helen is "fat," but who minds that? No one, for she is awfully good company and out for a good time. She is an excellent student. Usher, Senior Play.

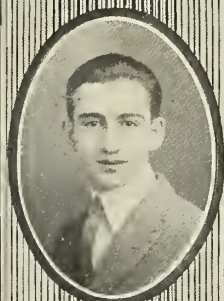
KATHERINE HAWKINS

"Her eyes are her best weapons."

Katherine is affectionate, full of fun and inclined to be mischievous. Mascot Class (1); Oracle Staff (2); Mascot Girls' Senior Club (4); Usher, Senior Play.



WRIGLEY
JACKSONVILLE



WRIGLEY
JACKSONVILLE

Those Seniors

FRANK MARKWOOD

"Half of a youthful, loving, modest pair."
When it comes to argument look to Frank, though vanquished he will argue still. Sport Hendricks, Senior Play; Class B. B. (4); Stetson Debate (4).

MARY LeBARON

"The force of her own merit wins her way."

Mary is the "star" pupil among many students. She has won merit in every class. Orchestra, Senior Play; Oracle Staff (4).

RUTH MACOMBER

"Charm strikes the eye, but merit wins the soul."

"Rose" is right up to the mark in everything that comes along. Senior Play.

JOHN McFADDEN

"Our opinions are never wrong."

Prof. Wetzel has taught John so well that now he even argues with his teacher. Oracle Staff (1, 2, 3, 4); Class B. B. (3); Capt. C. B. B. (4); Class Football (3, 4); Debating, Stetson (4).

VIRGINIA McILWAIN

"Laugh and grow fat."

Virginia is a real true sport, having played basket ball all four years. Oracle (4); Girls' B. B. (1, 2, 3, 4); G. A. A. (3, 4); Property, Senior Play; Roaster, Senior Class.

MARGARET MAY

"Of altogether a genial disposition."

Margaret, though a new comer, has been taken into our "great family" as one of our most beloved sisters. Caller, Senior Play.

DAISY MOYLAN

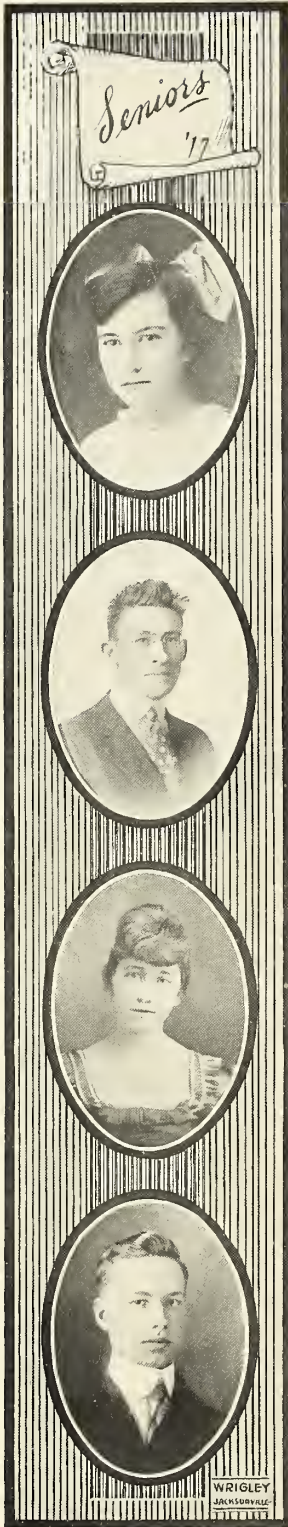
"How far that little candle throws its beams."

There's not very much of you, Daisy, but what's there is just all right, you're "Some Daisy!" Edith Van Norton, Senior Play.

ROLAND MOSS

"I scarce met a boy who knew less and said more."

His chief aim in life is to bring up a debatable question. He was the life of the trip to Tampa. Class Basket Ball (1, 3); Basket Ball (4); Football (4).



THE ORACLE

Those Seniors

CLARISSA ORGAN

*"All her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace."
"Chris" is indeed a pretty girl and just
as sweet as she is pretty.
Property, Senior Play.*

GERARDINE MURIEL

*"Yet he who saw this Gerardine
Had deemed her sure a thing divine."
Who said "Ball of fire?" Her hair is
flaming and so are her spirits.
Visiting Girl, Senior Play; Oracle Staff
(1, 2, 3, 4); Class B. B. (3, 4); Vice-Pres.
Senior Girls' Club.*

ALFRED OGRAM

*"No kinder man will ever trod the
earth."
One of these silent, hard working boys.
Spud Foster, Senior Play; High School
Orchestra.*

ELIZABETH McDONALD

*"To know her is to love her."
Always friendly, lovable and a good
talker; good in her studies, blue-eyed
and smiling.
Visiting Girl, Senior Play.*

SARA OSSINSKY

*"Music the fiercest grief can charm."
Sara is a charming and talented young
lady. As director of the orchestra for the
Senior Play, she proved her musical abil-
ity.
Basket Ball Team (2, 3); High School Or-
chestra.*

RUTH MABRY

*"That inward eye which is the bliss of
solitude."
Ruth, although quiet, is worthy to be
called a member of the Class of '17.
Usher, Senior Play.*

MAMIE PRICE

*"I have a heart with room for every joy."
She has been with our Class only a year,
but she has won a place among us as an
industrious student.
Prompter, Senior Play.*

LLOYD MORGAN

*"The time I've lost in wooing,
In watching and pursuing
The light that lies in maidens' eyes,
Has been my heart's undoing."
Class B. B. (4); Class F. B. (4); Swipe,
Senior Play; Track Team (4).*



Those Seniors

HARRIET REED

"I would do my work thrice over to make it better."

She may be afraid of boys, but she surely isn't afraid of books, for she can conquer anything from Vergil to the strenuous teachers' training course.
Prompter, Senior Play.

LOTTIE PHILLIPS

"True modesty is a discerning grace."

Rather quiet and shy is Lottie, but she is well liked by all.
Box Manager, Senior Play.

ROY RAINEY

"When I beheld this I sighed and said within myself—

Surely Man is a Broomstick."

Roy has not entered into Athletics while in High School, but he has been a fellow among fellows.

Vice-Pres. (1, 2); B. A. A. (1, 2, 3, 4); Fellows' Club (3, 4); Oracle Staff (2, 3, 4); Bailey, Senior Play.

ANNIE PARTRIDGE

"And that smile, like sunshine, darts into many a senseless heart."

A quiet, pleasant girl with attractive ways.

Usher, Senior Play.

ELIZABETH RICHARDS

"She is a girl, take her for all in all, We shall not look upon her like again."

"Eliz." has proved herself one of the most congenial and gracious girls of our Class.

Treasurer (1); Oracle Staff (3, 4); Class B. B. (3, 4); Manager G. B. B. Team (4); Leading Lady, Senior Play; Chairman Entertainment Girls' Club and G. A. A. (4).

ALLEN PRATT

"Beauty draws me by a single hair."

Here he comes, girls! Be careful and don't let him break your hearts.

Skinny Allison, Senior Play, Class Football (4); Debating (4).

CELIA REYNOLDS

"And they say that small packages are valuable."

Celia is a lovely girl, always happy and full of fun. Watch out for those sparkling eyes, Celia!

Senior Play.

JOHN PIXTON

"It all depends on the way you look at it. The point of view is everything in the world."

We have with us here a man from "Down the State." We can't blame John for having come from Hillsborough High and only wonder about him.

Class Basket Ball (4).



WRIGLEY
JACKSONVILLE



WRIGLEY
JACKSONVILLE

Those Seniors

WALTER SCHUBERT

"A man of few words; fair and square."
There is a boy who doesn't make much noise but who is always on the job.
Jim Wright, Senior Play; Class Football (4); Debating (4).

SIBYL ROUSSEAU

"Those dreaming, brown eyes."
This young lady is destined to be an artist for sure, but she does not neglect her other work because of this desire.
Usher, Senior Play.

HILDEGARD SLAUTER

"For I know and esteem you, and feel that your nature is noble."
Our athletic girl; a real sport, one who works as hard as she plays.
Basket Ball Team (2, 3, 4); Capt. Basket Ball Team (4); Oracle Staff (2, 3, 4); Program Compiler, Senior Play.

EUNICE SHEPARD

"An abridgement of all that is pleasant."
Here's to Eunice! A finer girl can't be found!
Visiting Girl, Senior Play.

ALICE STEELE

"Moderation is the silken string running through the pearl chain of all virtues."
She is a steady, industrious girl, always to be depended upon.
Caller, Senior Play.

BLUMA SAFER

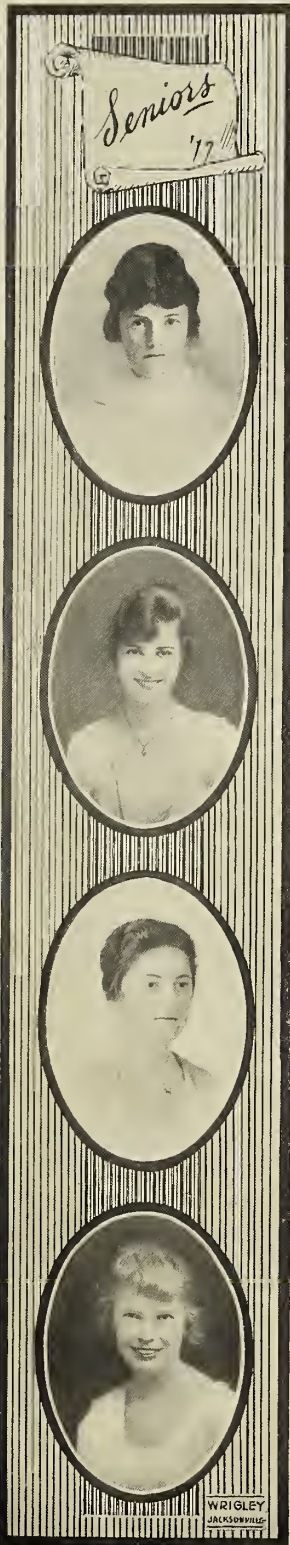
"A shy face is better than a forward heart."
Although Bluma is petite and quiet, she is always ready for a good recitation when her turn comes.
Usher, Senior Play.

EVA SCHIRMACHER

"Her arch, rosy lips, her eager blue eyes, with her impertinent look of surprise."
A warm-hearted, attractive little Miss.
Young Lady from Florida, Senior Play.

HATTIE SPENCER

"As sweet as the new buds in Spring."
Did you say you were looking for a sweet, curly-headed Miss? Well, here she is. She is not much of a talker but has the reputation of always finding the good in everyone.
Visiting Girl, Senior Play.



Those Seniors

LOIS VAUGHT

"A various, vigorous, versatile mind."

Lois is a good student, but the secret of her success is hard work.
New Haven Girl, Senior Play.

ROSALIE TOOMER

"Within the garden roses bloom."

Rose is one of those workers that stick, and disappointments can't down her.
Usher, Senior Play; Class Basket Ball (3); Girls' Basket Ball Team (4); Treasurer of Girls' Club.

ELIZABETH WILLIAMS

"Sweetness, long drawn out."

She is tall and fair and always has a bundle of jokes at the end of her tongue. Slim is one of the best students in our Class and her literary work is unexcelled.
Visiting Girl, Senior Play; Oracle Staff (4); Class Basket Ball (3,4); President of Girls' Senior Club; Senior Roast.

WILLIAM THIGPEN

"Perseverance is a valuable quality."

Here among us is a future business man, who has already proved his ability.
Stage Manager, Senior Play; Debating (4).

LUCILE WELLS

"She speaks, behaves and acts just as she should."

She is an affectionate, good-natured Miss, always bringing sunshine when she comes.
Visiting Girl, Senior Play.

WM. CHARLTON

"A boy of a serious turn of mind."

'Tis a pity he loves not English, for he has a gift that way. Fear is worse than failure.

ANNA WILLIAMS

"Her hair is not more sunny than her heart."

Nancy has been with us only two years, but has won a place in our hearts. Everyone loves our little red-headed Nance.
Class poet; Oracle Staff (4); Program Distributer, Senior Play.

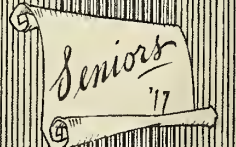
HOWARD VANDERGRIFF

"Quiet and steady; always red(dy)."

"Vandy" has not been (been) in our Class so very long, but he has made a name for himself, especially in athletics.
Assistant Stage Manager, Senior Play; Class Football (3); Football (4); Class B. B. (4).



WRIGLEY JACKSONVILLE



WRIGLEY JACKSONVILLE

THE ORACLE

Those Seniors

BIRDIE WILKINSON

"A soft, mild voice; an excellent thing in woman."

In quiet, unobtrusive ways, she won success.

PERCY WALL

"If the end were near he would still laugh."

Why! What will Duval be without our laughing friend, next year?
Campbell, Senior Play.

FRANCIS WHEELER

"A good man's fortune may grow at his heels."

Flossie is indeed a good old sport, always ready for a picnic or a dance. Every girl in High School knows and admires Francis for his Chesterfield manners.

Oracle Staff (4); Daneer, Senior Play.

LUCILE WILBUR

"Faithful in the little affairs of her school days, she is ready for the large affairs of life."

Though she took "small Latin and less Greek," she was indeed a pleasure to all of her teachers.

Visiting Girl, Senior Play.

GARLAND UPCHURCH

"The only way to win happiness is to give it; the more we give the more we have."

Has anyone ever seen Buster without that eternal smile? He has a host of friends in both sexes, and there is no one more universally liked than Garland.

The Wild Rose

L. HOLTON.

I see in thy virginal clusters,
A shimmer of transient light;
The tinted shades of the dawn;
The opal of summer's night.

I see in thy petaled radiance,
The sunbeams of thy soul;
The prophecy of the love,
That burns from a heart of gold.

I read in thy emerald leaflets,
The prophecy many scorn:
The daintiest thing of beauty,
Is certain to have its thorn.



Program

COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES, TUESDAY EVENING, JUNE 19, 1917

Overture Berry's Orchestra

Invocation Rev. J. T. Boone, Pastor First Christian Church

Music—Piano Solo (Selected) Miss Gladys Richardson

Address to Graduates

Rev. J. B. Mitchell, Pastor First Methodist Church

Music Orchestra

Presentation by Martha Reid Chapter No. 19 U. D. C. Medal
for Best Essay on Gen. Joseph E. Johnston

Mrs. Frank Brown, President

Valedictory William Madison, Class President

Music—Senior Class Song (Anvil Chorus)

Prof. Lyman Prior, Director; Words by A. Williams

Presentation of Certificates to Normal Class

Supt. F. A. Hathaway

Awarding of Diplomas

Hon. Fred. B. Noble, Chairman Board of Public Instruction

Benediction—Rev. Milton R. Worsham,

Pastor Church of the Good Shepherd

Music Orchestra

Graduating Essays

ELIZABETH BAKER "Mendelssohn"	MILDRED HALL "Class History"
SARA BALFE "Southern Poets"	ANNIE HARWICK "Jacksonville: Past, Present, Future"
LILLIE BANDELL "Religious Customs Among the Hebrews"	KATHERINE HAWKINS "Blue Ridge"
LAFAYETTE BENNETT "Competition vs. Co-operation"	LOIS HAZARD "Poets of the Romantic Period"
LAURA BETTES "Historic Bits of Duval"	LAWRENCE HOLTON "Business Education"
PAUL BOONE "Capital Punishment"	THOMAS HUFF "Jacksonville Products"
ALICE BOSTWICK "Jacksonville Roads"	JAMES HUTCHINSON "Conventional Designing"
MOREAU BOSTWICK "Americans as Citizens"	MARY ICENHOUR "Ruins of Mexico"
ELLA BROWARD "Woman Suffrage"	ALICE JONES "Atlanta in 1861-65"
IRENE BROWN "Dramatic Art"	HORACE LIPPMAN "Ancient Roman Art"
JAMES BRYCE "The Indian of Fort Marion"	IRENE LIPSCOMB "Seminole Indians"
CLIVE BURNS "Athletics: A Moral Developer"	HELEN LEARNED "The Kindergarten"
BEULAH BUTLER "The Woman in the Home"	MARY LeBARON "The Land of Flowers"
RUTH CAPPS "Historic Bits of Fairfield"	CHARLES LLOYD "Athletics: A Review"
WILLIAM CHARLTON "A Patriotic Fourth"	RUTH MABRY "Kindness"
VICTOR DE FLORIN "Government Control of the Wireless"	RUTH MACOMBER "Our Flag and Its History"
CLYDE CRANFORD "Psychology"	WILLIAM MADISON "Capital Punishment Should Be Abolished"
WILL FARRELL "Class Roast"	FRANK MARKWORD "Class Will"
VIRGINIA FISH "Southern or Northern College for the Florida Girl?"	MARGARET MAY "Russia of Today"
EDNA FLOYD "Shall Women Vote?"	ELIZABETH McDONALD "Latin: A Mental Stimulus"
RUTH FOSTER "Value of Domestic Science"	JOHN McFADDEN "Value of Physical Training"
MARION GAGE "The Unknown"	VIRGINIA McILWAIN "Class Roast"
LILLIAN GANDY "Hawaiian Music"	LLOYD MORGAN "Western Florida"
MAY GRADDICK "Southern Colonial Life"	ROLAND MOSS "Colorado College and Its Surroundings"

THE ORACLE

DAISY MOYLAN "Edgar Allen Poe"	EUNICE SHEPARD "Class Roast"
GERARDINE MURIEL "Exchanges"	HILDEGARD SLAUTER "Athletics: A Review"
ALFRED OGRAM "Natural Living"	HATTIE SPENCER "Our St. Johns River"
CLARISSA ORGAN "Home Economics"	ALICE STEELE "Our High School Normal"
SARAH OSSINSKY "Violin Music: Its Growth"	JENNIE SUTHERLAND "Odd Bits of Florida"
ANNIE PARTRIDGE "Wordworth's Country"	WILLIAM THIGPEN "Our Rifle Range at Black Point"
LOTTIE PHILLIPS "The Vanishing Race"	ROSALIE TOOMER "Bahama Islands"
JOHN PIXTON "Naval Training"	GARLAND UPCHURCH "Compulsory Military Service"
ALLEN PRATT "Military Training in High Schools"	HOWARD VANDERGRIFF "Alaska"
MAMIE PRICE "The Violin"	LOIS VAUGHT "The Submarine"
ROY RAINEY "The Value of the Corner Grocery"	PERCY WALL "Annapolis"
HARRIET REED "Our President"	LUCILE WELLS "Life's Jewel: Today"
ELIZABETH RICHARD "Wellesley, My College"	FRANCIS WHEELER "Florida, a Paradise for the Archeologist"
CELIA REYNOLDS "Preparation for Teacher"	LUCILE WILBUR "Indian Customs"
SIBYL ROSSEAU "Influence of Nature"	ANNA WILLIAMS "Class Poem of Farewell"
BLUMA SAFER "Milton, the Spiritual; Shakespeare, the Physical"	ELIZABETH WILLIAMS "A Review of Exchange Magazines"
EVA SCHIRMACHER "German and American Educational Methods"	BIRDIE WILKINSON "Peace"
WALTER SCHUBERT "Strategy in the War"	PALMA WILSON "Florida's Place in Geology"

Members of the Normal Class

MARTHA NEAL BROTHERTON	DOROTHY MARGARET KAUFMAN
CLYDE CRANFORD	HELEN SYBILLA MAXEY
MARIE MURILLO HYDE	LAURA MAI SNYDER
MARION JONES	

SCENES FROM SENIOR PLAY



The Duel
Campbell and Ludlow

The Hero and Heroine

Alice Fairfield, Chas. Walker
The Caste

Ludlow and
Gwen Hardy

Prof. Albright and Mrs. Fairfield

Advertising the Play

Music

Program Senior Play

SENIOR PLAY

BY

STUDENTS OF THE DUVAL HIGH SCHOOL

“FOR OLD ELI”

Yale versus Harvard

A Play of College Athletics, Fun, Romance and Song

DUVAL THEATER April 27, 8:30 p. m.

PROGRAM

Overture—“Manoa” Weisenborn

Between 1st and 2nd Acts

“Moonshine Sally.”

“There’s a Little Bit of Bad in Every Good Little Girl.”

Between 2nd and 3rd Acts

“Have a Heart.”

“Jazz”—One Step.

Between 3rd and 4th Acts

“Keep Your Eye On the Girl You Love.”

A Concert—“La Senorita”

By Mand-Uk-Ban-Tar Club

Lead by Prof. Ousterlie

L. B. Smythe, A Jones, F. Wheeler, K. Lasseter, M. Everitt, Geo. Stanley.

Finale—“The New Ideal—March.”



CHARACTERS

Chas. Walker, Captain of the Yale Track Team

Chas. Lloyd

Dick Carson, Walker’s Room-mate, a Freshman

L. Bennett

“Cutie” Armstrong Wm. Thigpen

“Beef” Campbell P. Wall

“Bill” Bailly R. Rainey

Jack Ludlow, a Freshman; room-mate of

Walker and Carson M. Bostwick

STUDENTS

“Bub” Turner V. DeFlorin

“Spud” Foster A. Ogram

“Skinny” Allison A. Pratt

“Andy” Anderson J. Hutchinson

Geo. Haskins R. Moss

Jim Wright W. Schubert

Tom McCoy L. Holton

Ted Jones J. Bryce

“Ollie” Alcott C. Burns

Joe Harris John Pixton

Jim Rowley B. Boone

Frank Smith, a fine dancer F. Wheeler

Asst. Professor Albright H. Lippman

Mike McCarty, the Yale Trainer Wm. Madison

“Sport” Hendricks, a “Mucker” F. Markwood

Swipes G. Upchurch, L. Morgan

Alice Fairfield, Ludlow’s Cousin M. Icenhour

Edith Van Norton D. Moylan

Mary Calderwood M. Hall

Gwen Hardy I. Brown

Mrs. Fairfield, Alice’s Mother J. Sutherland

Helen Beckwith, a friend of Alice’s E. Richards

Annette Hartley, a Noted Dancer V. Fish

Young Ladies from Florida

Floride Strawn H. Spenser

Hester Strawn E. Schirmacher

Visiting Girls

Nan Holmes M. Gradick

Fan Browning M. Stevenson

Nell Hayes E. McDonald

Harriet Long H. Slaughter

Gertrude Holland G. Muriel

Eleanor Hearne E. Shepard

New Haven Girls

Grace Horton M. Gage

Sally Stevens E. Williams

Jeanneth Holmes B. Wilkinson

Gladys Holmes L. Vaught

Hattie Hardee L. Wilbur

Fanny Goodby L. Wells

USHERS

Downstairs—Helen Learned, Katherine Hawkins, Sara Balfe, Ruth Macomber, Elizabeth Baker, Beulah Butler, Will Farrell.

Upstairs—Celia Reynolds, Sybil Rossean, Ruth Foster, Lillian Gandy.

PROGRAMS

Downstairs—Rosalie Toomer, Anna Williams, Anna Partridge, Irene Lipscomb.

Upstairs—Laura Bettles, Ella Broward, Alice Jones.

Stage Manager—Wm. Thigpen.

Assistants—Howard Vandergrift, James Middlemas, Ruth Capps, Lillian Bantrell.

Prompters—Alice Steele, Harriet Reed, Ruth Mabry, Mamie Price.

Callers—Margaret May, Alice Bostwick.

Ticket Manager—Palma Wilson.

Door Ushers—Thomas Huff, Steven Foster, Paul Boone, J. McFadden.

Properties—Lois Hazard, Virginia Mellwain, Clarissa Organ.

Box Managers—Beulah Smith, Percy Saunders, Bluma Safer, Lottie Phillips.

Program Compilers—Annie Harwick, Edna Floyd, Hildegard Slaughter, Sara Ossinsky.

THE ORACLE

SCENES

ACT I

Sitting Room of Walker, Carson and Ludlow, Vanderbilt Hall, Yale University. Two days before the Yale-Harvard Track Meet.

ACT II

The famous Yale Fence in front of Vanderbilt Hall, Yale University. Moonlight of the evening before the Yale-Harvard Track Meet.

ACT III

Dressing-room of the Yale Track Team during the Yale-Harvard Track Meet.

ACT IV

Library and den of Alice Fairfield's home. The evening following the Yale-Harvard Track Meet.

The Place—New Haven, Conn.

The Time—Present.

Play staged and coached by E. Rawson.

D. H. S. ORCHESTRA

Sara Ossinsky, Leader

Piano—Anna Hilditch.

First Violins—Sara Ossinsky, R. T. Tresback, Clyde Gardner.

Second Violins—Mary LeBaron, Alfred Ogram.

Clarinet—James R. Wells, Jr.

Flute—Harvey Mabry.

Cornet—A. H. Baker, Jr.

Trombone—R. K. Whitten.

Drums—Walter Thomas, A. Broch.

FUNNY SAYINGS FROM THE SENIOR PLAY

The Senior Play, "For Old Eli," which fairly bubbles over with quaint and laughable remarks, proved an unusual success. Horace Lippman's impersonation of Professor Albright was especially ludicrous with his perpetual praise of Hume's Philosophy, his peculiar mannerisms and scholarly appearance. Profiting by every opportunity to discuss the profound cogitations on the immortal Hume, he would, when addressed as Professor, modestly insist, "Only assistant professor." Greatly excited, the boys while tossing into the bookcase, every book in sight, were horrified at hearing the indignant professor exclaim, "Gentlemen, gentlemen, my Hume is not a baseball!" Irene Brown in the role of Irene Hardy, the fickle little flirt, brought the house down with laughter and applause. Had William Campbell and Jack Ludlow compared notes, each would have discovered, to their amazement, that she said the same thing to both. While talking to Jack in a very coquettish fashion, through the Bell phone, the Automatic at Irene's elbow rang. With a receiver at each ear, rivals at the end of each wire, the confusion which resulted needs no exaggeration. I fear the heart of Dick Carson was equally as light as Irene's, for when Helen asked him if he proposed to every girl ten minutes after he had met her, replied, "Well, I should say not; it takes half an hour to tell some girls."

L. WELLS.

OUR MILESTONES

There are two important milestones in the career of every Senior, the Senior play and Commencement.

The first was passed most successfully when, on Friday, April 27th, the Class of '17 presented to a capacity house one of the best Senior Plays ever given and the first to be held in the Duval Theater.

"For Old Eli," as the name signifies, is a college play in every sense of the word, filled to the brim with college songs, cheers, and spirit. Every one who knows anything about college life knows just how exciting a track meet between Yale and Harvard is. So with the Class of '17 doing full justice to their parts, the audience was interested from the time the curtain went up to the end. Especially in the third act, the boys made all feel that they were really witnessing a track meet. To say that it was exciting does not half express it! Of course there was a love story, which ran all the way through, adding its charm to the play.

The acts were beautifully and appropriately staged, especially the fourth act. We want to thank the kind friends, who lent us the necessary furniture and tapestries, making the scenes so effective.

The success of our play is due to the tireless effort of every member of the Senior Class. But most of all, we owe it to Miss Rawson, who sacrificed her own time and pleasures to coach the rather green caste to perform their parts like the actors and actresses they showed themselves to be. When in the future we look back upon this event, we shall always remember the one, without whom no Senior Play could be a success and who made "For Old Eli" not just an amateur affair to be smiled upon and excused, but a play which bordered upon the professional and which everyone enjoyed from start to finish.

E. R.

PRESS COMMENTS ON OUR PLAY

"FOR OLD ELI" WAS BIG SUCCESS AT DUVAL THEATER

Duval High School Students Acquitted Themselves Splendidly in Play Last Night

A decidedly high standard was set last night for amateur performances, inasmuch as the students of the Duval High School who were in the cast of the four-act Senior Class Play, "For Old Eli," acquitted themselves with great honor.

The cast of characters was ideal, the selections evidently those of a master mind. The leads were in competent hands, with the thirty or more young girls assisting as visiting girls and young boys as students doing their parts splendidly. Only the best of good things must be said of a company of young people who can contentedly hold their audience and so thoroughly entertain as was the case last night.

The presentation of this delightful college play was smooth, and the leading characters read their lines delightfully and well. It was pleasing, too, to note the happy and easy way in which cues were picked up and thus carrying on the play with snap and dash. The big company caught the spirit of the playwright and so gave a genuineness to the performance and reflected great credit upon Miss Eleanor Rawson of the D. H. S. faculty, who staged and coached the play.

THE ORACLE

The stage settings, each act being different, were another treat. There was not a single detail omitted and the changes were quickly made. The several specialties introduced were excellent and afforded additional pleasure and entertainment. In fact, it was a generous program and had the element of quality predominant. The Duval High School orchestra contributed also to the evening's program.

The fourth act was wonderfully well staged and the young girls were particularly attractive, each playing her part with grace and charm. The little scene at the two telephones was a splendid piece of acting and was greatly appreciated from the crowded theater. It was the unusually happy way in which all in the play entered into their parts, read their lines and did their work that made the play such a great success.—Times-Union.

SENIOR PLAY SCORED BIG SUCCESS LAST NIGHT

The Senior play, "For Old Eli," which was staged and played by the Senior Class of the Duval High School last evening in the Duval Theater was a success from every standpoint. This play, which has very bright and catchy lines, was on a larger scale than any heretofore attempted by

the high school students and was a very creditable performance in every respect.

The curtain was raised promptly at the appointed hour, 8:30, and the scenes were artistic and well set. The girls wore pretty frocks and acted their parts most realistically, in fact, they were lovely acquisitions to the charming ensemble.

Of course the boys must come in for their share of the praise for they deserve every bit of it, too. The title roles were difficult ones, yet each actor and actress displayed remarkable talent and showed their splendid training. Miss Eleanor Rawson spent weeks in coaching the boys and girls and she should feel fully repaid for her untiring efforts. Miss Rawson possesses the personality to get the best out of her pupils and the play last evening was a wonderful tribute to her power.

The play is a story of the track meet between Yale and Harvard, the hopes entertained by the contestants, the meet itself, and the after affairs. Through it all runs a sweet love story which gives the needed heart interest in the enthusiasm of college life.

The Duval High School orchestra played during the evening and the musical program was much enjoyed. The audience was most appreciative and expressed their satisfaction in hearty applause—Metropolis.

The End

Is this the end of our career
The goal of such a run?
A voice replies, as though a seer,
"Your race is just begun."

Just begun! I did exclaim,
My hair it rose on end;
My knees did shake and 'neath me quake,
"Til thought my head did bend.

...But tell me now the use of such
A waste of time on books!
To know Greek, Latin, and so much,—
Instead of fishing hooks?

The voice continued as I grumbled,
It rose with inspiration!
In vain I sought to hush its mumble,
But 't gave this information:

"A waste of time on books, you say,
The very thought of such!
Why do you talk in such a way
When you have learned so much?

"Your ideals now are set aright,
Your thought with food is fed,
You aim serves now a beacon light
To guide you, as is said.

"You've learned to live each moment well,
You're ready, now, to run
The race of life, each danger quell,
And you have just begun.

H. REID.



Class History of 1917

By M. HALL

Well, it came to transpire in the year of 1914, A. D. that a great war broke out against a deadly enemy "Ignorance." An urgent call for volunteers was issued to repel the invasion and the standard of the opposing army was hoisted on "High" and rightly called Duval, a name always significant of wisdom.

Now, the different sections of the country vied with each other in providing men; and, on that morning in early fall when they assembled on the camp grounds, one might see representatives from Riverside, Springfield, Central, and several other parts, intermingled with members of the regular army who subjected the new comers to taunting and disdainful glances. Here and there, the interested observer could see a new recruit being ushered into his new life with proper ceremonies to the clamors and gleeful cries of his tormentors. But, finally, the general appeared and promptly quelled the disturbance by calling an assembly where he welcomed all and exhorted them to brave deeds; after which, he assigned his army to the recruiting officer for registration. Here, they were submitted to rigorous examinations if unable to produce satisfactory certificates from their respective countries.

The Volunteers, after the unfit were extracted, received the title of the "Freshman Regiment" and were straightway divided into six companies. Then, followed the routine which consisted of a five or six hours' drill in "Mathematical Tactics," the intricacies of the "English March" and "History

quick-step," and for those who chose the heavy artillery instruction in the use of the "Lain Machine Gun," an old Roman invention which has been revived in spite of frequent objections from certain authorities. They soon tired of the monotony of all the days alike; but, they felt that they were learning and even those who had been forced into service through parental fears of disgrace to the family name, began to see the wisdom of preparedness when February brought news of the first great battle. Of course, they had seen active service in a series of skirmishes with chances to use their knowledge but never an enemy like these "Semi's," a detachment from the enemy's advance guard. All defenses were speedily prepared and even the drones in the camp revived their depleted store of knowledge; a pitched battle of four days ensued, followed by small losses to the new regiment; some members failed through absence from camp and lack of attention at drill, and still others from "powder-fright," a disease often suffered by soldiers in their first battle; its symptoms are a shaking right hand and "befuddled" brain. "After the storm comes peace" was true in this case but it was an ominous quiet; for, another of the enemy's squads came to test our strength; they were called the "Annuals" and in spite of the renewed effort on the part of those who had failed to redeem themselves, many more lost out.

The year, 1915, saw a depleted regiment adopting the name of "Sophomores" and also electing the

THE ORACLE

non-commissioned officers to which they were entitled. Again they fought two grim battles with the previously-mentioned instruments of the enemy and again their number lessened.

Still the next year and the Juniors, their new name, plod on with more to endure and yet many burdens to bear. Their path was by no means a golden one, although the haughty "regulars" of the army had by now condescended to favor their struggling fellow-sufferers with a little recognition. However, they had one more restriction to bear for the Commanders-in-Chief decreed that the holiday known as the "Prom." should be denied this regiment and all others to come; but the wise members counseled all to murmur not, for victory was in sight and subordination in the ranks must be preserved.

Again the patient observer may view this persevering company. The year 1917 has rolled around and this worn and solemn assembly little resembles the raw recruits of four years previous; but, the light of victory shines in each eye. Some of the weaker members who could not keep up with the pace which the efficient drill masters now set, have

by degrees dropped out. Those who could not bear the "marks" inflicted upon them by the last encounters with our ancient enemies; others who could not accustom themselves to the severe heat of discussion both mathematical and linguistic; and still others who have been beguiled into rival armies, have disappeared, never to return.

The day for mustering out of this and into the "National Service" is come and the ninety-six survivors can look back with only regret at ever being reluctant to enlist under such an estimable flag; but, especially do they regret leaving the squad of the General's faithful Lieutenants who alone have extended a helping hand to those who might have stumbled and fallen many times.

Here ends the history of the largest regiment ever mustered out from this service, but they have not disappeared forever, dear reader, for now and then perhaps you may find in the "National Service" a follower of the noble Sentecheon "ad astra per aspera" and a tried warrior; gaze on him well, for you view a hero.

BY A SURVIVOR.

Class Song

(Air—Anvil Chorus)

ANNA WILLIAMS

Look how the sun rises higher and higher,
Look how his rays on the dew are blinking,

Hark now, bestir ye!

Who greets the dawn with its dappled splendor?

Who twines the laurel with flashing greenness, say,

Who, who, who is it greets the day?

Come, 'tis the Seniors.

We greet the dawn with its dappled splendor,
We twine the laurel with flashing greenness,

Ah!

Come, come, come let us greet the day!

'Tis our commencement, 'tis our commencement,

'Tis our Commencement!

Hark now, the music soars higher and higher!

Hark now, the glades with rich notes are ringing!

Stronger and clearer.

Who strikes the cymbals with sprightly firmness?

Who charms the air with a liquid sweetness?

Who, who, who is it greets the day?

Ah, 'tis the Seniors!

Ours is the day with such tuneful blitheness!

Ours is the song of such melting sweetness,
So

Come! Join! All of you greet the day!

'Tis our commencement, 'tis our commencement,

'Tis our Commencement!

Hush now, the shadows creep faster and deeper,

See yon moon rises with misty splendor;

List now, in silence.

This is the end of our festive gayness,

This is the close of our day of triumph.

Soft, now, silently steal away—

But not in sadness;

Once more give rein to a tuneful anthem,

Once more unite in a round of gladness;

Ah!

Come, now, thus let us end our day.

'Tis our commencement, 'tis our commencement,

Farewell forever!

Ad Astra per Aspera

Our Motto

"Through all tempests to the stars;"
"Through the darkness to the light,"
When we first trod Duval's threshold
Was our aim to power and right.
Ad Astra per Aspera.

Over streams of murky doubting,
Over rocks of black despair,

Hesitating, toiling onward,
First with boasting, then with prayer.
Ad Astra per Aspera.

Through the years we've e'er toiled onward,
Daily strength'ning mind and soul,
Work and play and loves and friendships,
All have helped to reach the goal.
Ad Astra per Aspera.

MARY ICENHOUR, '17.

Our Class Colors, '17

Our colors are the colors of the sunrise. The stars fade, the dark sky brightens, and away in the east a faint streak of blue appears, then widens and gradually grows as the sleepy, golden sun slowly rises from rest. All who gaze upon this beautiful picture marvel at the delicate tints of blue and gold that shade so wonderfully well the one into the other. They are indeed marvelous and the handiwork of God; but we, His counterparts, have reproduced them so that we may have them for our own use. It is always customary for a class to choose its "class colors," and our choice was that of blue and gold.

And what is the meaning of our colors? Surely we could not have chosen any with better ones. The blue stands for truth, and the gold for the pure quality and worth of our Senior Class. Our Seniors are true to their school, and to their work; they are "true blue." As gold is the greatest and most precious of all metals, so the Seniors are the greatest and most precious of all the High School classes.

May they ever carry the blue for their standard through life and continue to be of infinite value and worth.

LOIS G. VAUGHT, '17.

DREAMS OF THE FUTURE

I sit in the glowing firelight,
As night is beginning to fall,
Dreaming of years that are coming,
Of things that may befall.
Life stretches out before me,—
The pathway I cannot see,
Though I strain my eyes to penetrate
That deep obscurity.

I used to dream of honors,
Of fame that the future might give,
To crown my earnest efforts
And give me a name to live;
But tonight as I look o'er life's pathway,
I seek not such gifts to secure,—
I want a nobler purpose
Than to win a name to endure.

For often the greatest service
Is that which remains unknown;
And only the all-seeing Father
Knows how much a life has done.
And no matter how lowly my station,
Though I never may glory gain,
If I've brightened the life of some one
I shall not have lived in vain.

Then let me press ever onward,
Striving always to do my best,
Living as God would have me,
Leaving to Him the rest;
Trusting to Him my future,
Nor seeking to know the way,
Except as He reveals it,
Step by step, and day by day.

Prophecy

AROUND THE WORLD WITH THE SENIORS

Now here is a secret that I have withheld from you,
Because I feared for my personal safety;
But having at last overcome that timidity,
I'll tell you—I'm gifted with the power of prophecy!
So now, if you'll pardon my chanting sing-song,
I'll take you around the world with the Seniors.

Far out in the midst of the stormy Atlantic,
The nations by common consent have constructed
A fair little island whereon is held always
The International Court of Arbitration,
O'er which our class president, WILLIAM
MADISON,

Presides in judgment wise and impartial.
The Clerk of the Court is JOHN McFADDEN.
And here is FRANK MARKWOOD, the silver-
tongue orator,

Famous the world over as America's lawyer.
We leave to their weighty decisions these wise men,
And turn to the fairy land of California
Where WILLIAM THIGPEN, with pride immeas-
urable,

O'erlooks his boundless vineyards and orchards,
And wonder if CLIVE BURNS enjoys life as he does,
Clive Burns, with his epaulets and U. S. A. uniform,
Who laments the world-wide peace in his idleness.
And longs for war and for glory immortal;
While MOREAU BOSTWICK, squadron commander,
Impatiently hopes for a war declaration,
That he may annihilate the fleet of the enemy.
And who is the expert on submarine warfare?

'Tis LOIS VAUGHT directs the construction
Each year of hundreds of government submarines.
Meanwhile ALICE JONES, our dearly loved mascot
Has attained a position that but for her sweetness,
Might turn her bright head,—for she's mistress of
the White House.

And here at the festival banquets are seen often
Several faces known formerly in Duval High:
HILDEGARD SLAUTER, the irrepressible merry-
maker;

ROSALIE TOOMER, without whom joy would be
dreary;
And EUNICE SHEPARD, as well known for her
beauty

As for her wit. And who follows Eunice
As the lamb followed Mary? We know not this
unknown,

Who sues for a bright glance as prisoners for free-
dom.

And what is CHARLES LLOYD? He's *the* man
of America,

In whom is reposed the whole nation's confidence.
His is the counsel that guides the President,
It is his word that governs the Congress,
For men listen to him as to an oracle.

Such a wonderful statesman must have an assistant,
And he forgot not his friends of Duval High
And chose FRANCIS WHEELER for his splendid
ability.

We turn from the capitol to find ourselves wandering

In the home of the "New York World" that is
published

Seven times daily, under the management
Of THOMAS HUFF, who gained his experience
When on the business staff of the Oracle.
He wants no assistants to share his authority,
But he must have reporters, and of them the ablest
Is PERCY WALL, whose get-up-and-do spirit
Never lets pass a thrilling sensation.

And now the scene changes to the colorful capitol
Of far away Spain where ELIZABETH RICHARDS,
Wife of the competent British Ambassador,
With the greatest of pleasure welcomes ROY
RAINEY,

When he arrives as America's minister.
On the same ship is JENNIE SUTHERLAND
And with her VIRGINIA FISH, on their way now
To the far away Japanese island of Yesso,
Where ALICE BOSTWICK is waiting to welcome
them.

As well known to them are the bright lakes of
Africa,

And the beauties of Switzerland, as were formerly
The rooms of Duval. So now with delight
They look forward to seeing the summer resort
And the old and happy people of Yesso.
Ah! who is this that we find in fair Italy?

Find in the sleepy village of Pisa,
The village that Shelley's name made immortal?
A poet far dearer to us than is Shelley,
For 'tis ANNA WILLIAMS whose fame even now
O'ershadows the fame of American poets.
Nor far away, in the "Eternal City,"
Is an artist whose portrait will one day be the ob-
ject

Of pilgrimages to the galleries of Florence.
Who is it? Why it is KATHERINE HAWKINS,
Who is herself a good subject for portraits.
Well o'er the face of the earth are now scattered
The Seniors of '17, whose careers
Have been marked with success and honor imperish-
able.

JAMES BRYCE the ambitions has risen rapidly,
And now he is governor of a province in India,
Of which ALFRED OGRAM is lieutenant-governor,
A province far-noted for its peace and prosperity.
The Alaskan gold fields have proved inexhaustable,
And over the richest the expert director
Is ROLAND MOSS who is laying up millions,
And yet does not cease in his feverish industry.
Out on the Arid plains of New Mexico
Is the civil engineer, HOWARD VANDERGRIFT,
Who's surveying and planning the government
project

Of a railroad to run from Alaska to Cape Horn,
And who has commenced the real work already.
Right through the center of a great Western wheat
farm

The survey had to pass; but ANNIE HARWICK,
Knowing the engineer was a student
Formerly of Duval, raised no objections.
A wonderful farm it is, acres on acres,
Of rolling prairie lands planted in wheat.

THE ORACLE

Annie herself is a capable manager,
But she has given to LAWRENCE HOLTON
The pleasure (?) of directing the endless labor.
Not far away is a profitable oil field,
The owners of which, ELIZABETH BAKER,
LOTTIE PHILLIPS and EVA SHIRMACHER,
And BLUMA SAFER are realizing millions.
To WILLIAM CHARLTON'S business ability,
They are indebted for its development.
Among the inaccessible canons
Of the heights of the Rockies is WALTER
SCHUBERT,

Who for years has been patiently prospecting
For pitch blend which contains priceless radium;
And now his hopes of success that have lured him
On and on, and were not unfounded
Bid fair to be fulfilled immediately.
During the war which so recently ended,
The work of the Red Cross Association,
Rose to be the first in importance.
It was SARA BALFE who, with LUCILE WELLS,
Made it the wonderful organization
That it came to be,—so effective and perfect.
These workers are now the heads of the Red Cross.
MARGARET MAY, who was head of the section
"Somewhere in France," remained in that country,
And now is matron of the finest hospital.
In the remarkable annals of Russia,
That, after ours, most democratic of countries,
Is already written the name of ELLA BROWARD
Who did more than all other women together
To bring about their universal suffrage.
She worked most especially in Russia,
Because she received there much more encourage-
ment.

But EDNA FLOYD cared not for discouragement.
And having resolved,—in spite of the obstinacy
Of hard headed men who refused to acknowledge
The superiority of women—to give them
Their rights and their privileges in the United
States,

She succeeded, and enjoys the fruits of her labor.
So does LUCILE WILBUR who was sent soon after
To the Florida legislature to take care of the inter-
ests
Of her home district. PAUL BOONE and L. MOR-
GAN in the Senate

Have the people's approval and confidence.
There has been erected a great institution,
A college under control of the government,
In which are taught all the arts and the sciences,
And all things else that benefit society.
It is of all schools in the world the most perfect,
Has the most complete branches and the best
teachers.

The department of music is perfectly conducted
Under the direction of ALICE STEELE,
Who herself teaches the students of piano
Who give many delightful concerts in public.
The fully equipped Domestic Science Department
Is RUTH CAPPS' special delightful work,
And happy is she in its supervision.
In teaching history WILL FARRELL finds pleasure
As well as employment, and
MAY GRADDICK with VIRGINIA McILWAIN'S
valuable assistance,

Teaches the girls to play tennis and basket-ball,
As well as to take necessary physical exercise.
In the boys' department, HORACE LIPPMAN,

Is the masterful instructor of philosophy
And of astronomy; and at his lectures
Has perfect attention; for he has won the admira-
tion

Of all the boys as well as the teachers.
The instructor of the most graceful of arts, that of
dancing,

Is HELEN LEARNED, the most perfect of dancers.
The scene changes now to the gay City of Paris,
Where HATTIE SPENCER is leader of fashions,
(And never before were fashions so beautiful!)
And the darling of Paris is MARY ICENHOUR.
This season IRENE BROWN and LAFAYETTE
BENNETT,

Are appearing in their latest production,
Which causes in Paris the greatest enthusiasm,
And night after night brings thunderous applause,
While they are pronounced the greatest actress
And actor the play-going world ever saw.

The manager of the theater is JOHN PIXTON.
At the same time the most delightful concerts
Are being given by MILDRED HALL,
America's most brilliant and accomplished pianist,
Who after studying abroad many years
Is astonishing the world by her wonderful talent.
Yet it is known by those who should know
That Mildred loves Paris more than her music.
Among the students of art, SYBIL ROSSEAU
Promises to become a successful artist.
And JAMES HUTCHINSON who is studying de-
signing,

Has a career of success before him.
In the progressive City of Petrograd,
Among the music loving Russians,
We find SARA OSSINSKY, the most wonderful
violinist

That city has ever seen. She does honor
To America, and to dear old Duval.
Striving to equal Sara, her model,
And soon to rival her is MAMIE PRICE,
Whose rapid advancement is beyond belief.
Edison, the inventor, has passed away,
But the world does not feel his loss for his place
Is now filled by VICTOR DeFLORIN, whose genius
Exceeds that of Edison and whose inventions
Are of even more benefit to the world.
He is working now on his greatest invention.
What is it? Well, perhaps he'd like to tell you.
That scene fades away and we behold now
The fair City of Jacksonville, one of the greatest
Of all the world.—A beautiful residence
Festively lighted, the gay sound of music,
Of many voices and merry laughter
Tell of the loveliest dance of the season.
CLARISSA ORGAN and GERARDINE MURIEL,
The charming hostesses, win every one's love.
They aren't the only old friends that we find here,
For ELIZABETH McDONALD has stolen an even-
ing

From the strenuous duties of a private secretary;
And LOIS HAZARD, the quiet, and ANNIE
PARTRIDGE,
With BEULAH BUTLER the gay we find here.
And here are MARION GAGE and DAISY MOY-
LAN,

Who have set themselves the impossible object
Of writing one hundred sonnets on beauty.
Here's to your success! May you attain it!

THE ORACLE

ELIZABETH WILLIAMS is owner and directress
Of the girls' favorite camp in the Catskill Moun-
tains;

She has everything there to make the girls happy;
Yet they vow that without her they'd never be
happy.

On the tennis court a game is being played
By two great champions, CELIA REYNOLDS
And RUTH MABRY; so evenly matched
That it is impossible to guess the winner.
Who is this that we find, so oddly bedight
In a great dressing gown and a red night-cap?
Who, by dim candle light, studies so patiently
Volume on volume of dry, dreary history?
It is PALMA WILSON, who is compiling
A history of the progress of civilization.
Should he live until he was as old as Methuselah,
He'd never finish, but what he accomplishes
Will be to the busy world of great value.
The woman's club has risen to be
The most important body in the city;
And who made it so? Why LAURA BETTES
The President; and RUTH FOSTER, who is Sec-
retary.

HARRIET REED is chairman of the committee on
education.

BIRDIE WILKINSON is head of the local chapter
Of the Daughters of the Revolution.
Two homes there are that are far separated:
The first is a beautiful home in the city
Over which LILLIE BANDELL so proudly presides.
The second is an old colonial mansion
Surrounded by wide lawns,—it is IRENE LIPS-
COMB'S.

LILLIAN GANDY has established a school
In which she teaches on Hawaiian guitars,
The charm and variety of Hawaiian music.
And RUTH MACOMBER teaches the pupils
The most graceful of quaint fancy dances.
Ah! What is this? Familiar names!

"Upchurch and Morgan—Attorneys at Law."
Well, who would have thought it! But I foresee
clearly,

A very successful career before them.

And last but not least are our jolly old comrades
ALLAN PRATT and GARLAND UPCHURCH who
are now architects

And are deeply engaged in designing
The most beautiful cathedral in all America.
They will never see its completion,
Nor will any of the rest of the Seniors,
Who will yet see the complete fulfillment
Of all the marvelous things in this prophecy.
So now that I have revealed my secret,
Do have a little mercy upon me,
For I have no control o'er the future,

And have only related it to you
At your request, as I beheld it.

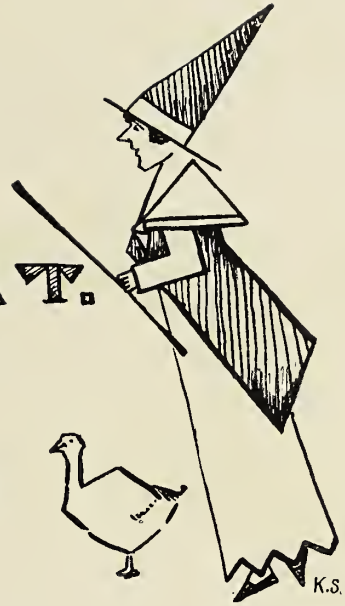
MARY LeBARON, '17.

AND FOR MARY

One night, as the moon was rising,
By a spring o'erhung with pine trees,
Musingly I stood to ponder,
Thinking of the school and class-mates.
Grown so dear these last four winters.
As I stood, half lost in the rev'rie,
Lo! beside me stood an Indian,
Old and wrinkled as the gray moss
Hanging from the pine tree's branches.
And he said, "O, young maiden,
Now the moon has reached its zenith,
He who looks into these waters
Shares the secrets of the future,
The dread secrets none yet know. But
Look not on the moon's reflection
For the charm would then be broken."
So he spoke and straightway vanished.
Slowly, daring scarce to try it,
Leaned I o'er the shining surface,
Careful, lest the moon's reflection
Stop too soon the dread revealing.
Murky black became the waters,
Then began to whirl and whiten,
'Til at last within the spring's heart,
A book den then saw I clearly.
At the table, busily writing
Sat a woman, so familiar
That, though changed through all these seasons,
I could tell her when I saw her.
It was Seventeen's own Mary.
(Miss LeBaron then they called her)
To my lips rushed many questions;
But right then the scene was changing.
Soon a parlor stood out clearly
Filled with men and gorgeous women,
Come to honor the returning
Of the greatest ethic writer
Of the age from 'cross the waters.
One could not mistake her this time.
Mary had fulfilled the promise,
The great promise of her girlhood.
Longer still I wished to linger,
Feasting on the happy picture;
But, in my excitement, glimpsed I
The moon's image on the waters.
Vision gone! The spell was broken!
Yet my heart was beating gladly
That to one of the dear classmates
I brought news of fame and promise
From the land of the to-morrow,
From the dread land of to-morrow.

ELIZABETH RICHARDS.

CLASS REAST.



JENNIE SUTHERLAND, EUNICE SHEPARD,

VIRGINIA McILWAIN, WILL FARRELL

CLIVE BURNS

His feet, they haul Clive 'round the house,
They hoist him up the stairs.
He only has to steer them, and,
They ride him every "wheres."

PAUL BOONE

Shy and bashful little Paul,
I guess he wishes he might grow tall;
But the maidens do not care at all,
For treasures oft come in packages small.

ROLAND MOSS

I've chewed Beeman's Spearmint, and Beechnut,
Until all around me were cross;
But I could never break the record,
Of the gum-chewer, Roland Moss.

ROSALIE TOOMER

A sensitive plant in a garden grew,
I looked at it, Rosalie,
And I thought of you.

ANNIE HARWICK

Oh! Annie Harwick, you're not consistent,
For many times you've got it twisted,
That being an athlete and a student
Is something you ought to have done and couldn't.

HILDEGARD SLAUTER

Our Hildegard is quite a talker,
But although she is, she's not a knocker;
Her speech at times is somewhat mixed,
And she makes new breaks to get it fixed.

LOIS VAUGHT

There is a young lady, Miss Vaught,
Who thinks she knows everything taught.
If we only knew, perhaps we could too,
Learn everything that we ought.

WILLIAM MADISON

You're a bright young man, President Bill,
It's a shame our language you kill,
Speak your own words as they're meant,
'Twill be time not ill spent—
There's always a way with a will.

THOMAS HUFF

With Miss Williams, Thomas loves to contest
Over what Alex. H. Stevens says in his text;
The author says this to which Thomas agrees,
Some of which even our teacher deceives.

MAMIE PRICE

Oh! Mamie, you are so quiet and still,
And do things with a mouse's skill.
Make more noise and look less worried,
And the teachers will never know you're flurried.

LUCILLE WELLS

Lucille Wells, why are you so serious?
Is this old world so very mysterious?
Try the proverb prosed by the years,
A laugh will drive away all fears.

HELEN LEARNED

Dancing are your eyes of brown,
Very foreign is your frown;
Helen, you are wondrous wise;
But do be careful of your sighs.

BEULAH BUTLER

Beulah is so very petite,
That all the boys think she's sweet.
But when she squeals,
They take to their heels,
Which is very rude and indiscrete.

THE ORACLE

HORACE LIPPMAN

Here's to our Horace, Ass't Professor,
A beautiful dancer and some swell dresser,
May he not always be as coy and care-free,
As at present time he seems to be.

ALLAN PRATT

Oh! Allan, you are quite a nice boy,
But you'd add such a lot to our joy,
If you'd put sarcasm and doubt to flight
And give such evils strenuous fight.

LAFAYETTE BENNETT

Lafayette is one of our class gallants,
And in girls' hearts all others supplants,
But as for work, he does only his share,
Which to others seem hard, but to him quite fair.

FRANK MARKWOOD

Frank, whose surname is Markwood,
Would always work hard if he could.
But such is his nature,
Though he's far from a faker,
He not always does that which he should.

ALICE BOSTWICK

Alice does love her history so,
But if she'd talk she'd like it more;
For she's quiet and mute and only speaks
When out of the room Miss Williams peeps.

PALMA WILSON

If you want a question ended
With a vim that settles you,
With a wisdom unpretended,
Palma's aid you all should sue.

LILLIAN GANDY

Lillian, why do you hurry so?
And say first "er-um" then "no?"
When in the class you're told to say
"What hour is it" in the Frenchman's way.

EVA SCHIRMACHER

Eva, to our blushing class belongs,
For under books both short and long,
Like a red rose becomes her cheek,
For she's so very shy and meek.

GERARDINE MURIEL

Don't you know Jerry, why she wears the green,
The dearest little Irishman you ever have seen.
She writes exchanges, fine ones, too,
'Tis proud of her, 'tween me and you.

WILLIAM CHARLTON

Oh! William, don't be so serious.
Or study your books so strenuous.
"It hurts the brain, my boy,"
Give yourself up to some other joy.

MAY GRADDICK

May is so very dignified,
She couldn't be childish if she tried.
With her "tell it to me" and "that's fair enough."
She punctuates every sentence far too much.

LILLIE BANDEL

Lillie is such a good little cook,
And studies so hard her recipe book;
But for all this industry there's a reason,
As we will find ere the end of the season.

SYBIL ROSSEAU

Sybil loves her teachers so,
For models she will take them;
All o'er her books the sketches grow,
Her pencils just will make 'em.

WALTER SCHUBERT

"Still water runs deep,"
Is a proverb old and true;
So Walter's silence means, not sleep,
But study and work clear through.

ELIZABETH BAKER

Diffidence is really of great worth,
When mixed in with plenteous mirth,
But by itself it doesn't bring
Elizabeth B. in the midst of things.

KATHERINE HAWKINS

Oh! Katherine, we all know you're a little flirt,
You show it by your manner so coy and so cute;
Let this be a warning to those you hypnotize,
So they will beware of those bewitching eyes.

ELIZABETH RICHARDS

Oh! Elizabeth, your tongue you must learn to control,
Though your manner be reserved and so meek,
Many a secret do you unfold;
Now think twice before you speak.

MILDRED HALL

You have a cute little way of your own,
Oh, Mildred, with eyes so blue;
So boys, though the door of your heart is locked,
She will find the key and look through.

CHARLES LLOYD

Instead of "eat and grow thin,"
As many have learned to say,
Your motto, Charlie, is "laugh and grow fast,"
As shown in your hilarious way.

VIRGINIA FISH

Oh! Virginia, you're tiny, we all must agree,
But still your eyes a big thing can see;
Be careful and look always at every turn,
For fear that you might some day get burned.

ALICE JONES

Oh! Sis, with your sweet little smile,
Agree with us once in a while.
Be not contrary like Dame Goose's Mary,
Then you won't so many people rile.

JOHN McFADDEN

"All work and no play makes John a dull boy;"
As we've heard from our childhood days;
But John, if you see fit, just sharpen your wit,
By opening a book—it pays.

FRANCIS WHEELER

Oh! Francis, you're made for a lawyer,
In arguing you show so much skill;
But maybe some day, if you have your own way,
In debating you'll be given your fill.

THE ORACLE

MARGARET MAY

There is a young lady named May, in our class,
Who's a very attractive and popular lass;
But, Margaret, if you wouldn't be quite so precise,
You'd still be just as attractive and nice.

LOTTIE PHILLIPS

Oh, Lottie, your charms are all known,
As your lessons and studies are shown;
But your voice is so meek,
When you get up to speak,
What you say is really not known.

GARLAND UPCHURCH

There's a boy in our class named Garland,
And once, long ago, to study he planned;
But when someone said: "Upchurch, let's go,"
He didn't care whether he studied or no.

HOWARD VANDERGRIFT

There's a young man named Vandy,
Who, is we all know, a dandy.
With girls he's quite shy,
We don't know just why,
But perhaps it's because his hair's sandy.

ELIZABETH WILLIAMS

There was a young lady named Williams,
Of jokes she always knew millions,
But the biggest joke 'live
Is to see old slim dive,
She makes everyone laugh in the pavilion.

PERCY WALL

Our Percy is a jolly chap,
With folks he very seldom scraps;
But if he will just tone down,
Perhaps some day he'll bring renown.

WILLIAM THIGPEN

Thigpen is our student, bright,
He always studies late at night;
But if the impulse comes "to go,"
Little Willie's not so slow.

MARY ICENHOUR

O Mary! you must mend your ways;
And not say "that there" and "this here" always.
To help the wounded and care for the dying,
To the Red Cross you are ever aspiring.

RUTH FOSTER

There was a young lady from Ortega
Who came to school when it pleased her,
When asked why so late,
Ruth replied so sedate,
"If you lived in Ortega, you'd see, sir."

LAURA BETTES

She's small and she fair and she's very, very neat
With a smile and a nod she'll always you greet;
But as for laughing out loud,
Laura is really too proud,
Too ladylike and much too discrete.

MOREAU BOSTWICK

Moreau, for your nerves we prescribe a good dose
Of either Tanlac or the renowned Cactus juice:
Cures any and everything as advertised
So we're sure you'll benefit if you will do as advised.

SARA OSSINSKY

"Fiddle up, Fiddle up, upon your violin."
Crash! Bang! from the awful din,
We see our amiable orchestra leader
Playing away as if none could defeat her.

MARY LeBARON

She studies, yes, both day and night,
And smart, oh yes, she's always right.
Mary be careful you don't grow thin,
You study so much you make our head swim.

ANNA WILLIAMS

Modest and shy is our Naney,
Who appeals strongly to our fauey,
But she needs a megaphone
To improve her small tone.

BIRDIE WILKINSON

We have so many timid little girls,
We'd really fear our class was backward,
If it weren't for such as Birdie
To keep up our noisy record.

HARRIET REED

When the earth's last picture is painted,
And the tubes are twisted and dried,
Then maybe Harriet will stop studying
And show us the other side.

LOIS HAZARD

Lois is so very neat,
Trim of dress and dainty feet;
In her studies she's very smart,
Studying is to her an art.

RUTH MABRY

Ruth is a lass of indifference,
To all questions she replies with diffidence.
In athletics, studies and school spirit
Her calm is not ruffled the least bit.

ROY RAINEY

Oh, Roy, he is a lady's man,
A lady's man is he;
He goes with them so very much
He's caught their curiositee.

VICTOR DeFLORIN

Come down out of the clouds, Victor,
Come down with us children and play.
Leave your ions and your metres.
You can't work every day.

HATTIE SPENCER

Here's to Hattie, whose blue eyes and smiles
Many an irksome task beguiles.
Winsome and merry always, I ween.
But don't use them simply as a screen.

LUCILE WILBUR

Lucile is a wise girl and wary,
Of the boys she says she's not scary;
But a remark of this kind,
We don't believe every time.
We say we come straight from Missouri.

THE ORACLE

SARA BALFE

Sara, your light laughter you must soften,
With kind words to brace the downtrodden.
Such a simple tongue is really quite shocking,
In one so petite and good-looking.

ALFRED OGRAM

Dignity is fine, yes, we know;
But we confess we can't see
Why Alfred is so terribly stately,
When it's just as much fun not to be.

MARION GAGE, DAISY MOYLAN

Two little maidens standing in the door,
Marion said, "Give me some." Daisy wanted more.
The enormous appetites of these two,
Is something we don't understand, do you?

JAMES BRYCE

Jimmie, your pessimism is very distressing.
A pleasanter view of life is not so depressing.
A smile and even a laugh now and then,
Would improve your disposition and our own, we
opine.

EDNA FLOYD

Why this sudden fondness for chemistry, Edna;
Why the infatuation so rare?
Will, when pluggin' won't do it,
Flattery catch the lion in his lair?

JAMES HUTCHINSON

There was a young gentleman of leisure,
Who talked as if time were no matter.
When asked why so slow,
James replied, "I-don't know-
I-have-all-the-time-that-I-need,-sir."

ANNIE PARTRIDGE

Do you know Annie? Now be frank.
She's a shy little girl, perhaps (?)
But if you go to the picture show,
You'll know her better mayhaps.

CELIA REYNOLDS

Celia is our skilled little seamstress,
Who, to prove she does know how to sew,
Burns holes in the towels in D. S.
Mind, Celia, arguing will bring you to woe.

ALICE STEELE

There is a young lady of our throngs,
Who uses a pair of curling tongs;
Alicie, your hair you shouldn't friz,
It makes us think it's not what 'tis.

IRENE BROWN

Irene is a sweet, little lass,
One of the shining stars of our class.
At the telephone she's quite skillful,
But in the end she's quite tearful.

RUTH CAPPS

Ruth, modesty is a lady-like virtue,
Which we all agree will not hurt you,
But these blushes so profuse,
We think just a ruse,
To cover your frivolous nature.

CLARISSA ORGAN

Criss is fair and light of foot,
She loves housekeeping and to cook.
But which she loves best we can't tell yet—
Rollins College or Georgia Tech.

JOHN PIXTON

A youth from out of Tampa came,
But we all like him just the same.
We hope he's not like his home town,
To lose his temper when he's down.

IRENE LIPSCOMB

Irene L., you're a comely lass,
One of the nicest of our class;
The only thing we can ask of you,
Is not to use so much your eyes of blue.

LAWRENCE HOLTON

Lawrence is an athlete,
And knows just how to use his feet.
Swift and supple can he be,
When old Duval's there to see.

ELLA BROWARD

Ella, we admit we don't see
How you're such a flirt and still lazy.
We say go as far as you like,
Just so you don't get our "he."

BLUMA SAFER

Bluma, you are as quiet as a mouse,
No one can hear you throughout the house.
A little more vim you must get,
A little ginger and a little pep.

RUTH MACOMBER

"Do it well, then a little bit better,"
Is the motto Ruth Macomber lives by.
It's a good motto, Ruth,
But you have but one youth.
You could have so much fun if you'd try.

LLOYD MORGAN

There's a boy in our class called "Rat,"
Who is anything else but fat.
He, who's always making love in class,
Catches the eye of every lass,
And we advise that he pick a more-secluded spot
for that.

ELIZABETH McDONALD

Now Elizabeth M. is a popular lass,
With every member of the '17 class.
But Eliz., for each of your classmates' sake,
Try your voice some louder to make.

ANSWERED BY CHARLES LLOYD

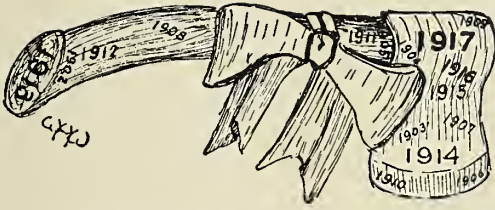
Now, EUNICE, you certainly look swell,
But on this subject we must not dwell;
For fear it might make you vain,
And to do that would be a shame.

There was a girl named JENNY,
Of sense she had not any,
But when it comes to laughter and fun,
No one can beat her under the sun.

There is a young lady in our class,
WILL, they call her, and she's quite a lass.
Her history class she likes quite well,
The reason we're not supposed to tell.

Play basket ball, VIRGINIA, without fail,
Maybe some day you'll be as thin as a rail.
But no matter—fleshy or spare,
You're good natured, so we don't care.

Last Will and Testament



We, the Senior Class of 1917, being of sound body and disposing mind do hereby bequeath our possessions, both individual and collective, as follows:

First: To our honored and beloved teachers, the quiet and tranquil hours of the summer vacation that they may enjoy themselves instead of standing in their class trying to force knowledge into our heads; that they may recover from the trying hours which they have gone through the past nine months and acquire more learning to their now vast collection, thus being more fitted, mentally and physically to carry on their great work of educating the class which follows us in dear old Duval. And so may they enjoy themselves and retrieve their health until time for them to resume their work.

Second: To our sister classes of 1919 and 1920, all the trials and troubles of High School life, that is Professor Rutherford's seventh and eight period classes for such offenses as talking in the halls, being sent from class, not knowing our numerous lessons, and for being tardy, when we oversleep in the morning. But we have something more interesting for you than that. We give you our periods in Study Hall reluctantly but sincerely hoping that you will enjoy and benefit yourselves by them.

Third: To our sister class of 1918, the dignity and standing of the Senior Class, and what has been most precious to us and which we sincerely hope will be the same to you, the care of the precious Senior Mantle and the wonderful mirror, and the much-prized hatchet. To you Juniors, the soon-will-be seniors, we bequeath these precious possessions with the following instruction:

The mantle, which is the symbol of dignity, must be revered in every possible way. We have never used this mantle to hide any of our faults and failures, but to show faith, and to a better advantage, our achievements and virtues, which are by far in the majority, and we leave this to your care for the coming nine months with the charge that you reverence it and care for it as well as we have done. Within its folds is secluded our love and appreciation of our faculty, whom we thank for their many kindnesses and services rendered to us during our course here. Also there are many trusts concealed in this mantle which need especially to have the best of care taken of them. There is this beautiful building which we entrust to you Seniors-to-be. Also the daily raising and lowering of the symbol of the greatest nation on earth, our Flag. Then the Oracle, one of the best of High School papers. Do not allow it to be lowered from its now high standing, to which we have helped to elevate

it, but instead do your part in helping to raise it to a still higher position. The care of the two Athletic Associations, which have done so much in helping Duval to gain her athletic prestige. The Fellows' Club for Senior boys and the Senior Girls' Club for the Senior girls we also leave in your care. All of these things which are shielded in the numerous folds of the Mantle we leave to your care.

The magic Mirror which is now given to the "Class of '18" by the "Class of '17" is a wonderful, priceless heritage which we have jealously guarded during our short Senior year. This mirror has been our faithful counsellor in many things, always revealing to us the many weaknesses which we have and yet always keeping and hiding our numerous secrets. Still some of our Senior girls may have lingered a little too long before it, trying to find that stray lock and so be enabled to put it where it belongs, or to see those spots which some, even with their delicate touches of the ever-present puff with its undiminishing supply of powder, have failed to cover. It has kept the secrets and troubles of the Senior Classes since 1903 and it will do the same for you, so don't be afraid to confide in it.

And last but not least the prized Hatchet, the instrument with which you are to cut your way to the tree of knowledge and then, after you have reached the tree, try your best to make as deep an impression in this tree as we have done. We know this will be hard for you to do but try anyway. The secret of our success with this hatchet is that we grind it often. You will find the edge very sharp, though not from disuse but from the ex-



THE ORACLE

cellent way we grind it and the care which we have taken of it. You will find our numerals cut on the hilt, the most prominent place because we are the largest class that has ever graduated from Duval and also the best class that has ever graduated. One of the many things which we have been enabled to do by the sharpness of this hatchet has been to have a bill put through the City Council which will stop all heavy traffic and noisy vehicles from going by the school disturbing both teachers and pupils. The earnest efforts of our President has helped greatly in doing this. The Senior Classes for several years have been trying to do this but they did not have the hatchet sharp enough. It took the "Class of '17" to do this.

The care of these precious heirlooms is now given

to you, Juniors, and we hope that you will be able to do it as well as the "Class of '17" has done.

To the carrying out of the various devices of this last will and testament, we do nominate as executors thereof, our honored and respected principal, Prof. R. B. Rutherford, Miss Eleanor Rawson, and Mr. George Dow, president of the succeeding class. They shall each of them for the performance of the duties of their positions, enter into and execute a bond of three hundred and sixty-five days of twenty-four each, and receive therefor the blessing and gratitude of this expiring class.

In Witness Whereof, we, the class of '17, the testators, have to this will set our hand and seal, this nineteenth day of June, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and seventeen.

MY STATE

I love the palms, the stately palms
That shade the rivers deep and calm,
The mossy oaks with spreading arms
In Florida.

I love the gorgeous beds of flowers
Wisteria, coral and jasmine bowers,
The balmy incense after showers
In Florida.

I love the many lakes we find
Surrounded by the long-leaf pine,
And trees and shrubs of every kind
In Florida.

I love the mirrored-pictured scene
Where every touch of Nature's screen
Is painted with a silver'd sheen,
In Florida.

I love the wide and spreading lawn,
Thin blades of grass, with lights of morn,
The curtains of the night withdrawn
In Florida.

I love the orange tree's fragrant flowers,
Its golden fruit midst dark green boughs,
And all rich gifts to this land of ours,
In Florida.

I love the love of sport and fun,
The zeal for work; a task begun,
The joy that's showed when victory's won,
In Florida.

I love the laughter of the land,
The kind and hospitable hand,
The happy home that's made for man,
In Florida.

TWILIGHT

The sun now far from sight has gone,
The brilliancy of day is done,
Soothing sight.

Now the cricket chirps his song,
The brooks go murmuring along,
Forest peaceful, nought is wrong,
In the twilight.

Waters on the rocks now dash,
With a harsh resounding crash
Soon the night.

Below the raging waters roar,
On the broken beaten shore,
Each one louder than before,
Restless twilight.

On the mountain top so calm,
Far away from noise and harm,
Peaceful light.
Golden leaves are all around us,
Peaceful nature now surrounds us,
Heaven itself seems all about us,
In the twilight.

THE DAY IS DONE

Morning glories close their petals,
Daisies nod their sleepy heads,
Butterflies to slumber settle
On their fragrant flow'ry beds—
At twilight.

But for me 'tis time for waking,
As the night owl wails each note,
Tender memories long since slumb'ring,
Covered in their rosy coat—
At twilight.



Soph. Class, Basket Ball Champs.



"Strike Tuh."



Senior Class, Football Champs.



D.H.S. Baseball Stars.



Mgr. Barchan.



Batting Practice.



Athletic Ass'n. Officers.



"Silver-Tongued Orators."



D.H.S. Senior "Fellows Club."



THE FELLOWS' CLUB

The Fellows' Club of Duval High School has passed through its second year as an organization. This club was begun by the Class of '16, for the purpose of arousing class spirit and cementing friendship amongst the Senior boys. Without a doubt the Class of '17 has upheld the purpose of the club through the past year with great success. Through the influence of The Fellows' Club, the boys are united in friendship; in a friendship which we all hope shall last through life.

The meetings of this club have proved to be interesting and enjoyable. Aside from the business part of the meetings, there are discussions upon the latest topics of the day. In these discussions the boys not only learn to address an assembly, but they also help to keep the club in touch with the latest events and social problems. The Fellows' Club does not spend all its time with business and discussing various subjects, for it is a club full of life; pep, and fun; therefore such famous quartets as the "Agony Quartet," "The Priekley Heat Quartet," and the "Cherubim and Seraphim Quartet" have been organized,

for the purpose of keeping the ball rolling. Any one who has not heard these notorious quartets sing, will find it worth while to inquire further into the subject.

At the beginning of school this year, an opening dance was given, which was thoroughly enjoyed by all those present. Although this dance was a great success, it was far surpassed by the "Tap Dance." This "Tap Dance" was given in honor of the Junior boys, who were tapped as members into the Fellows' Club. The club members of '16 also shared the pleasures of this delightful dance, which was given at the beautiful home of Garland Upchureh.

The pleasures and enjoyments of the past year have come to an end, as far as The Fellows' Club is concerned; for the graduating Seniors must seek other pleasures in life. But the Juniors will be Seniors next year, and The Fellows' Club will be their club. It is thoroughly hoped by the members of '17, that the next year Senior boys will take up the club with interest, and get out of it what the boys for the past two years have enjoyed and gained.

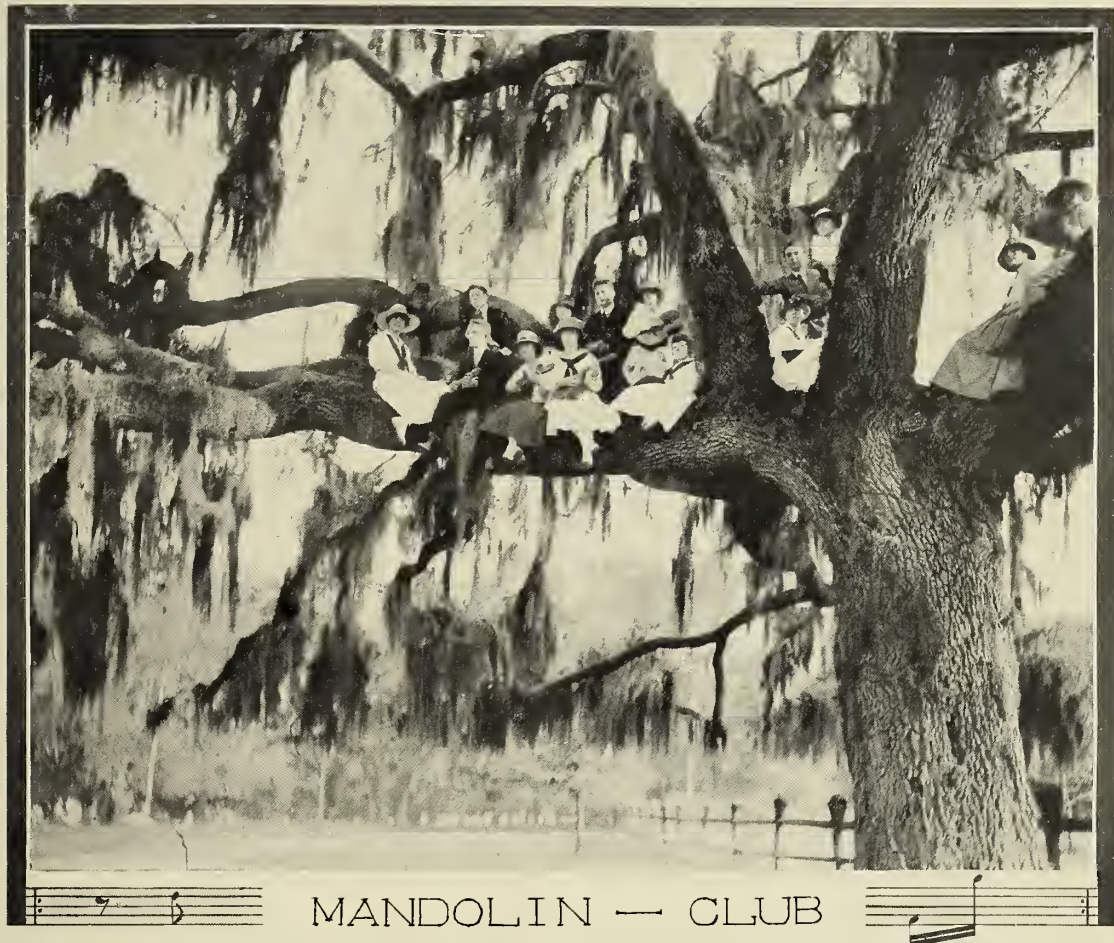
J. BRYCE.

FAREWELL, MY CLASSMATES

Farewell, my Classmates! Summer's cooling breeze is here,
Her jasmine, yellow, flaunting, brightly blooms, while near
Her roses, too, are nodding, smiling in their nooks.
Summer has come to bid us leave our work—our books.
Farewell, my Classmates! Can we tell who will have seen,
Ere Autumn's red and brown has streaked the Summer's green,
Old Glory's pride in freedom, peace, her Nation's men?
We know not now who will be gone by then.

Farewell, my Classmates! Have we not been happy here?
Our teachers, patient, kind, our times of fun and cheer,
They all have helped the way we thought so hard and long,
Prepared us for our future burdens to be strong.
Farewell, my Classmates! When vacation has gone by,
We'll meet again; and for the absent a glad sigh
For friendship which has met with patriotism's test,
Will answer to the voice that whispers, "God knows best."

ALTHEA STEPHENS, '18.



Senior Girls' Club

"AS YOU LIKE IT"

The "As You Like It" club, or A. Y. L. I. known to Senior girls as "*the*" club was organized in October, 1916. Goodness! But that seems a long time ago, but in reality it is just nine short months.

The organization of the club was for the purpose of giving all the Senior girls a chance to become better acquainted with each other in some place besides the class room. And we certainly have succeeded in doing it, too.

We have the nicest possible meetings, every other Saturday afternoon at one of the Senior girls' homes, and we have the loveliest times at these meetings. We have music, the piano, Hawaiian guitar, ukelele, and recitations, and sometimes we do fancy work, and oftentimes we gossip. The latter amusement seems to be

a failing with all of us girls. But it adds to the fun.

The only thing that disappoints us in the least is, that we haven't given a picnic, a dance, or anything. But we have been very, very busy as Seniors always are.

The officers of "*the*" club are: President, Elizabeth Williams; Vice-President, Gerardine Muriel; Secretary, Alice Bostwick; Treasurer, Rosalie Toomer; Mascot, Katherine Hawkins.

We all hate to give up "*the*" club and above all, dear old D. H. S., I am sure, but here's hoping that next year's Senior girls will have a club and have just as much fun, and just as many good times as we have had during our Senior year.

A. BOSTWICK.



THE DUVAL—STETSON DEBATE

On Friday morning, April 20th, the team chosen to represent Duval in the annual Duval-Stetson debate left the school house with Professor Wetzel and started off to meet the enemy. It was Stetson's turn to debate at home, and in the presenee of their friends they were to uphold the negative side of the question: "Resolved, That Capital Punishment Should Be Abolished." Besides Prof. Wetzel, the party consisted of three debaters, William Madison, Frank Markwood and John McFadden, and Mr. Josselyn, who was to be one of the judges.

A surprise that Stetson sprang on us was the announcement that one of their debaters was a young lady.

As we had the affirmative, we naturally spoke first. Our opening speaker was William Madison, and soon his "Mr. Chairman, Honorable Judges, Ladies and Gentlemen"—and all the uneasiness left, and we were filled with a desire to put our argument in the best possible light—and win. The plan of the debate was this: Every negative speaker was to have fifteen minutes; while our first speaker was to have fifteen; and the other two, twelve and a half minutes each. The five minutes thus saved was to be given us in which to rebut the arguments of the last negative speaker.

When Bill had finished, the first negative speaker began, and we all took notes of our points in order to refute them. Then Frank Markwood arose and held forth, refuting several arguments and developing his own side of the question. He was followed by the young lady of the opposition, who gave the legal side, quoting fluently from statutes and laws of the land. Next John McFadden spoke, refuting—or attempting to refute—nearly all

of the negative points and working in part of his own speech. The last negative speaker then advanced and closed the argument for his side. There remained five minutes due to us, which were used by Madison in refuting the arguments of the last speaker—for a general rebuttal was not allowed him. In that short time he warmed to his task and fairly poured into the audience proofs that the points advanced by the negative were unsound.

Then came a wait while the judges conferred—a wait which was made a pleasure by a violin solo from one of the Stetson ladies. However it is not certain that the debaters appreciated it, as they were too anxious over the coming verdict. When the chairman arose, we held our breaths, for while we thought, naturally, that we had won, still we knew that it would be close. But we were soon enlightened by the announcement that the judges had decided in favor of the negative. That made two successive defeats that Duval has sustained at Stetson's hands, a fact that we are not proud of, but which the next year's debating society should bear in mind and avenge.

To discuss the debate as impartially as possible, it seemed that while the Duval team had the better in oratory, delivery and spirit, the Stetson folks brought out their points the more clearly. We would talk, and furnish excellent proofs that we were telling the truth, but, on the whole, we did not show sufficiently well what we were talking about.

After the debate the Stetson literary Society gave us a reception and social at the home of one of the members, where they served cake and punch.

J. McFADDEN, '17.

Our Senior Rooms

Four long years ago, we, the Class of 1917, entered Duval High School as insignificant Freshmen. Although we have suffered every agony known to human kind during these four years, it is with a deep sigh that we enter for maybe the last time, our old senior class rooms, and stop to think what they have meant to us. From the Study Hall, where notes of burning love abound, to Domestic Science, where other things burn besides love. From every room we take with us memories, fond memories.

Oh! the interesting but fateful hours spent with Miss Williams! All went smoothly along, until one sad day these words fell upon our listening ears: "Now, listen, class, a word to the wise is sufficient," needless to say this warning was followed in a few days by one of those "one-layer sandwiches."

We take great pleasure in dedicating the following poem to Prof. Bernard, our foremost authority on Higher Mathematics:

"I dreamed I went to Duval High,
(Just as of course I do.)
But that about Geometry,
The choice was left to you.
That theorems were an unknown thing,
And corollaries, too,
And those things called 'originals,'
The student never knew.
I woke from out that blissful dream,
To hear the clock strike 'two,'
I sighed! and have sighed ever since,
To think it wasn't true."

Thanks are due to Prof. Zellar, for the remarkable improvement shown in quoting this well-known verse—as we first said it:

"Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
How I wonder what you are.
Up above the world so high."
Like a diamond in the sky."

As we now promulgate it:

"Scintillate, scintillate, luminous constellation,
Interrogatively I question your constituent elements!
In your prodigious altitude above the terrestrial sphere,
Similar to a carbonaceous ismotic suspended in the celestial firmament."

Miss Franklin, our Latin teacher, is acting as guide on our trip through Hades. She is indeed familiar with the various points of interest, and we have met quite a number of our departed acquaintances.

The Normal Training Class, under Mrs. Warner, has acquired a general knowledge of many strange and wonderful things, among which are that the St. Johns River rises in Helen Blazes (Lakes).

Prof. Wetzel has often accused us of running along the "lines of least resistance," therefore this little poem may prove his statement:

"The hours I've spent with thee, dear book,
Are as an endless chain, to me;
I know much less at every look,
My Chemistry, My Chemistry!"

But oh! what a relief, after hours of toil and strife, to reach the Study Hall! What a sublime atmosphere of calm and quiet, where one may repose

and allow the tired mind a period of relaxation. King Wilbur, Monarch of this Empire, sits upon his majestic throne in stately dignity, awaiting to reproach one word uttered by his repressed subjects.

We are told that Miss Buttel's room is the scene of much consternation, when a written lesson is to be endured, or something else, equally as painful. At times a few of the most brilliant pupils, insist upon dictating to the entire class, but they are soon brought to their senses by their capable teacher, who doesn't hesitate in asserting her authority.

It is under the direction of Prof. Vernaelde, that we attain the highest degree of efficiency, in "non-non; oui-oui; et bonjour." The latest acquisition to this room is a little bell, which serves many purposes; Sometimes to bring the class to order (but more often produces laughter). When we delight in inspiring conversation; pleasant dreams, or in feasting our eyes upon the Ford Shop, this little instrument brings us back to the awful realization—"Lises Mademoiselle."

Miss Tidings has suggested that reclining arm chairs and several cases of chewing gum be purchased for Steve Dickenson and Glover Marvin, which would aid much to their comfort. Perhaps the most unusual and unexpected event that ever visits this class is when Howard Vandergrift condescends to bring his Spanish Grammar. Maybe Miss Tidings would like to know of a place where nice, fresh memories could be bought.

All who do not know Prof. Bush, of the Commercial Department, have heard this, which is so characteristic of him:

Prof. B.—"Can you phrase 'Do it?'"

No answer from his brilliant pupils.

Prof. B.—"Yes indeed, nice phrase!"

Nevertheless, he is training many of our girls and boys to be excellent business men and women.

The Senior Girls of the Domestic Science Department, are now fully prepared to face the world, with a thorough knowledge of cooking, scrubbing, dishwashing, and housekeeping, and Miss Morris has done all within her power to make us excellent housewives—in the future.

Last of all, we come to Room 10, dear to every Senior heart. There even with the best of teachers, and the best of studies, we suffer at times. What agony there is in an unprepared lesson or an unmemorized quotation from Shakespeare! But we smile again, when a certain young man becomes so engrossed in some demure young lady, that he even forgets Burke and his memorable speech on Conciliation. Oh! the peace that comes when Miss Rawson reads to us of some brave knight, some lovable lady, or of nature in all of her grandeur. Despite all of our troubles, we shall always carry with us the many life lessons learned here, and shall never forget the interest which Miss Rawson has manifested in our Senior activities.

I. BROWN.

[And Miss Rawson loves her dear Seniors and dreads to see them go out into the wide, unknown world. May they keep themselves pure and unspotted from the soil of sordidness that may come near them in the long years of the future. God bless them—every one.]

E. R.

ATHLETICS

'16

'17



Kenneth Friedman—

FOOTBALL SQUAD



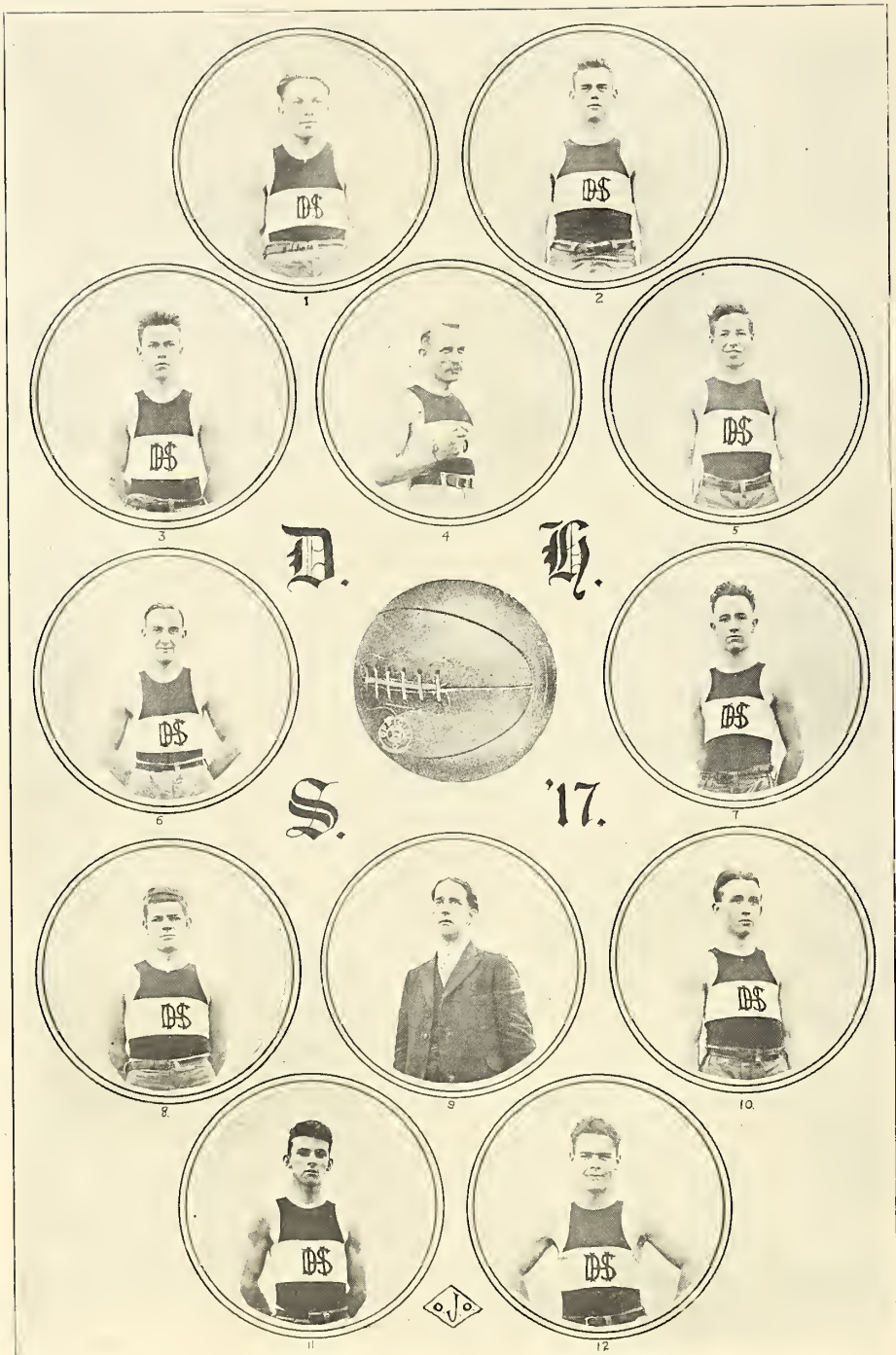
1. Madison
2. Higginbotham
3. Murchison
4. Vandergrift
5. Upehurch
6. Langston, Capt.
7. Moss

8. Bennett
9. Coach Wilbur
10. Coach Blevens
11. Simmons
12. Kirby
13. Garcia
14. Prof. Rutherford

15. Harrison
16. Herndon
17. Coach Freeborn
18. Lynch, Mgr.
19. Charlton
20. Dow
21. Barchan

22. Adams
23. Boone
24. Simpson
25. Bryce
26. Schuyler

BASKET BALL TEAM

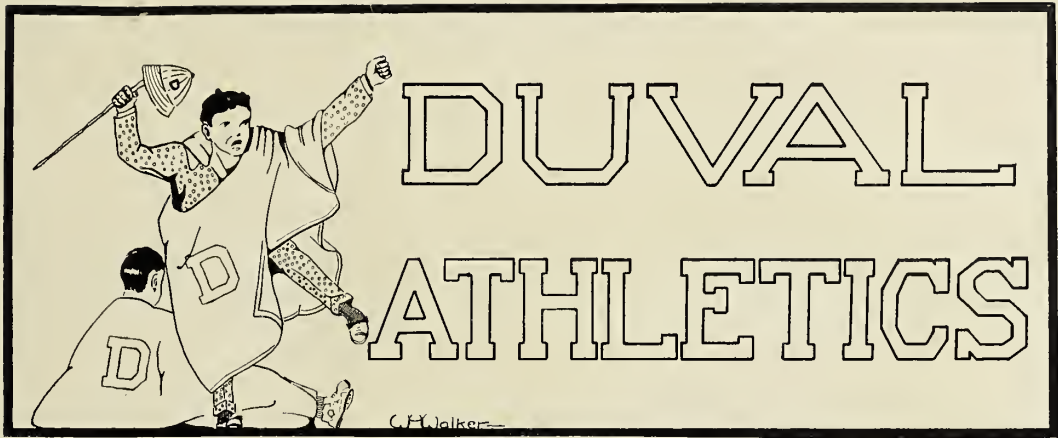


1. Barchan
2. Burns
3. Shine

4. Dr. Haskell
5. Moss
6. Lloyd

7. Madison, Captain
8. Higginbotham
9. Wilbur

10. Marvin
11. Solee
12. Lynch



Let us consider the place athletics takes in the modern school life of today. What does it mean to a High School to promote athletics? Of what value is it to the student body? To begin with athletics creates a strong school spirit which would never exist without it, and it cements lasting friendships which you can look back on with pleasure in years to come—and makes the intercourse between teacher and pupil a thing of pleasure. Athletics intelligently used helps one who enters a business life to think and act quickly. The friends made through comradeship of athletics are a real asset in a business career. Of course victory is not always ours, but sometimes defeat spells victory for the future. What does it mean to be a good athlete? It does not mean simply that one is strong in body but he must be strong in character as well, temperate in habits, clean in speech, always ready to obey his coach. It makes one quick and active and teaches the lesson of self control. These points, if learned on the athletic field, will become a habit to those who are in athletics for the real good of their school; and thus they will be aided throughout their future life. It is also good from the standpoint of health, for after sitting in a school room for several hours a day one needs the out-door exercises derived from most forms of athletics; and then, too, the old proverb is absolutely true: "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." Athletics has a large recreational value, because it is so totally different from the work of the student as to change his line of thought entirely and divert the attention from the beaten channels, bringing a care-free condition of mind. Wholesome athletic play means recreation which is a big factor in making efficiency possible from every standpoint. As to what has been accomplished

along these lines during the past school year in Duval High the records show for themselves. Never before has there been shown such splendid school spirit as this season just closed. If athletics has done nothing else than to have helped bring about such conditions it is well worth while. This strong feeling of loyalty did much to help the teams make the fine showing they did. Another big factor that probably did much to help the first teams do so well was the splendid spirit shown by the second teams and the hard practice they gave the chosen leaders at all times.

C. H. L., '17.

FOOTBALL SUMMARY

Porter Military Academy	14	D. H. S.	0
Gainesville	0	D. H. S.	19
Lake City	0	D. H. S.	12
Valdosta	3	D. H. S.	0
F. M. A.	0	D. H. S.	35
Tampa	14	D. H. S.	6
St. Augustine	7	D. H. S.	34
	38		106

FOOTBALL REVIEW

In writing up the review of the football season one has reason to believe that Duval had a very strong scrappy and speedy bunch of players. They were in the game every minute and did not give up until the final whistle blew. In spite of the unfortunate closing game still we believe that we gave Tampa her money's worth and that we have developed a great bunch that are loyal to old Duval. The season closes with a majority of games won (4 out of 7) by the Red and White, two having been lost outright and the other by unfair decision from the umpire.

After the boys had been rounded into shape by Coaches Wilbur, Blevins, and Freeborn, the team, from all appearances, seemed to be very light but fast on their feet. The season began first with a defeat from Porter's Military Academy by a score of 14 to 0. Although having been defeated, Duval had reason to be proud of her team to hold their opponents down to such a score owing to the fact that P. M. A. is not only one of the best Prep. Schools in the South, but held the reputation of being champions of South Carolina, Tennessee, and Georgia last year.

After facing defeat Duval redeemed herself by defeating Gainesville by a large score of 19 to 0. Duval was never in danger, and succeeded in getting Gainesville's scalp.

The next game, the players with Coach Blevins journeyed to Lake City. This game was easily won by a score of 12 to 0, and this score would have been larger, had they not been penalized when within scoring distance.

The Valdosta game is one which has caused Duval to sever all games for the future with that school because of the unfair decision of the umpire and the disgraceful conduct of the rooters. After Duval had won the game by a touchdown, the umpire declared the touchdown off and Valdosta won by 3 to 0.

The next home game was with F. M. A. Soon after the whistle blew it was easily seen that Duval would come out ahead with a large majority, which they did with a score of 35 to 0.

On Thanksgiving day the usual game with Tampa was played. Although Tampa won the State Championship Duval showed her what it means to take a defeat like men and true sportsmen, which has been the characteristic of all the teams Duval has ever put out.

The final game of the season was played in St. Augustine where the Duvalites defeated the High School team by a score of 34 to 7.

The success of this year's team is due to the loyalty and devotion which the fellows have shown to Duval. They came out regularly for practice, and through the untiring efforts of the Coaches have made a winning team.

Every member of the football squad and students of Duval want to thank the Coaches for what services they have rendered in producing the team we have had. A lot of credit is due to Capt. Langston who like an Indian

stood firm and cool always putting pep and ginger into his players by which he got the best results.

C. H. L., '17.

BASKETBALL CHAMPIONS OF THE STATE

Here's to the State Champions of the State of Florida.

Tampa's hoodoo was finally broken by the best basket ball team that Duval has ever turned out. Duval has been trying for many years to beat Tampa on her own home ground, but have always failed heretofore; but this year the basket ball team broke the old losing streak in Tampa, and we firmly believe that now Duval can go down there without the least bit of suspicion of losing and beat Tampa in her own back yard. This year is the only year in the history of Duval athletics that Duval has sent a team down there and succeeded in bringing home the bacon. The basket ball team this year has made a record of which it should feel proud, winning 12 games out of 13; and the one defeat was due to the fact that Christmas holidays interfered with the training, while the Tampa Imps had the advantage of having played several games previous to their coming here.

One great advantage that the basket ball team has had over the other teams previous to this year is that every first team man has played at least one or two years or more together so that each man knew what the other man was capable of doing. Another advantage was that they had an unusually strong second team to battle against them in their practice games. All this constitutes a winning team.

The opening game of the season was played with the Tampa Imps during the Christmas holidays and this was the only game that Duval lost during the whole season. The score was 34 to 28 in favor of the visitors. The Duval boys redeemed themselves in the last game of the season by defeating them on their own court thus rubbing the slate clean by a score of 46 to 19.

The next game was played in St. Augustine against the team representing the Catholic Club. The boys had an easy time in gaining the victory in spite of the handicap of an outdoor court. They won by a score of 26 to 8.

The team known as Keewatin Academy next tried to down the Duvalites, but no such luck. Although they were big fellows—almost twice as big as the Duval players—the boys would

Vandegrift

Griffin

Holton



Brobston



Dow

H. Mabry.

Wiggins.



Morgan.

Mgr. Burns.



Scott.

Madison



Capl. Sollee.



RACK EAM.



Coach Zeller

Coach Genovar.



run away from them like a mouse from a cow and have the ball thrown is the basket before they could move. The Keewatin Academy was defeated by a large score of 37 to 15.

The Catholic Club was not satisfied with one defeat so journeyed to our fair city to try to get back their defeat. They did not succeed any better and were defeated by 47 to 17.

The Deaf and Dumb tried their luck two times but failed both times before the hands of their executioner and lost by 71 to 13 and 43 to 19.

Stetson got in Duval's way, but she rolled it over them by a score of 33 to 29.

Duval defeated the Y. M. C. A. and Y. M. H. A. both by large scores of 73 to 17 and 51 to 18, respectively.

Palatka had been talking about becoming the State Champs in basket ball and so the Duval boys decided to put a stop to this. The team journeyed to Palatka and here defeated the High School by a score of 60 to 31 thus shattering Palatka's hopes of becoming State Champions.

Tampa, after defeating us in football, felt confident that they would come up here and do the same trick in basket ball, but they were sadly mistaken. The basket ball boys were looking forward to this game for revenge. The revenge was sweet and Duval defeated her old-time rivals 30 to 23. After they had left Jacksonville they felt positive of winning the other two games in Tampa if necessary. But beware the Ides of March! The Duvalites travelled the old S. A. L. and lauded in Tampa on the 15th of March. The game that took place the next night was one to be put into the history books. Tampa was so dumb-founded after the game that we never saw them again until it was time for us to leave. This game was the deciding game for the State Championship and was won by a score of 17 to 6. The one great feature that helped the boys win the championship was due to the fact that so many rooters accompanied them to Tampa.

All the praise is due to our Coaches, Dr. Haskell, Prof. Wilbur, and Mr. Blevins, who through thick and thin battled with us and who were so patient and encouraging. Capt. Madison has been a great help and inspiration to his team; and whenever they felt ready to give up the captain was there ready to spur them on and give them a good word of cheer.

Glover Marvin has been elected captain for next year and the team feels sure that he will

do all in his power to keep the State Championship.

C. H. L., '17.

THE TRACK TEAM

This year witnessed one of the best track teams that Duval so far has produced. This year's team had several advantages over last year's team because an out-door track meet was something new for the fellows in high school and they did not know how to train for it, and another disadvantage was due to the poor condition which existed; but still they made a splendid showing in spite of the handicap. This year they had the advantage of this experience and they went down to Gainesville and made the Duval students feel proud of their wonderful work. As usual the track meet was held at Gainesville on the University grounds, and this proved to be the most successful event of its kind so far attempted in the State. There were six new records established and three of these by Duval's men.

Arthur Sollee set two new records by raising his own pole vault record from 10 feet 2 inches to 10 feet 9 inches, and also setting the mark in the broad jump to 21 feet $3\frac{3}{4}$ inches.

Clive Burns, another one of Duval's men, established another record by putting the shot 39 feet $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches.

There were many schools who entered into the meet and Duval came out second among the other seven contestants, the leading opponent having 33 points and Duval 27.

Although we did not win the meet, still Duval put up a grand showing and there is one satisfaction that Duval came out ahead of Tampa. All did well; Madison won second in the high jump, Sollee, second in the 120-yard; hurdles, Sollee, first and Griffin, third in the running broad jump; Burns, first in the shot put; Sollee, first in the pole vault; and Dow second in the one mile run.

On May 3rd the annual indoor meet was held in the Y. M. C. A. at Jacksonville. This proved a success as Duval copped the big end of the score this time. Owing to the handicaps the finishes were extremely close. Sollee won the meet with 14 points to his credit and Madison a close second with 12 points, Moss coming in third with an average of 10 points.

In the 20-yd. dash, Sollee was first, Leen-hour second and Madison third. The ob-

stacle race was won by Moss and third by Icenhour. In the shot put Moss was second and Sollee took third place. Madison won first in the broad jump. In the high jump Sollee won first place and Madison third. The potato race was won by Moss, and Griffin took third place. This closed the season for the track team.

The praise for the good showing that Duval has made is due to the work of Prof. Zellar and Frank Genovar. Capt. Sollee was there with the goods and also deserves a lot of credit.

C. H. L., '17.

THE BASEBALL TEAM

The baseball season coming as it does towards the close of the year, when the school work is much heavier, gives one less time to work up enthusiasm, but still the team was not disappointed with the showing they have made. The slogan in the school now is watch the Duval Tigers' Baseball Team of 1918. After winning one championship the Duval boys started out again to land another championship this time in baseball. It proved unsuccessful mostly due to the fact of not having a coach. No team can succeed very well if it does not have some one to instruct it. At the beginning of the baseball season twenty candidates reported for practice, and after two weeks of hard practice the first team was picked, consisting of: Barchan,

Capt., Lynch, Maxwell, Schuyler, Katz, Dow, Shine, Sollee, Higginbotham, Phares, Pixton, Taylor, Madison and Brobston.

The opening game was played in St. Augustine against Keewatin. This was a very close game, lasting 10 innings. Lynch pitched a good game and deserved a victory but poor support caused him to lose.

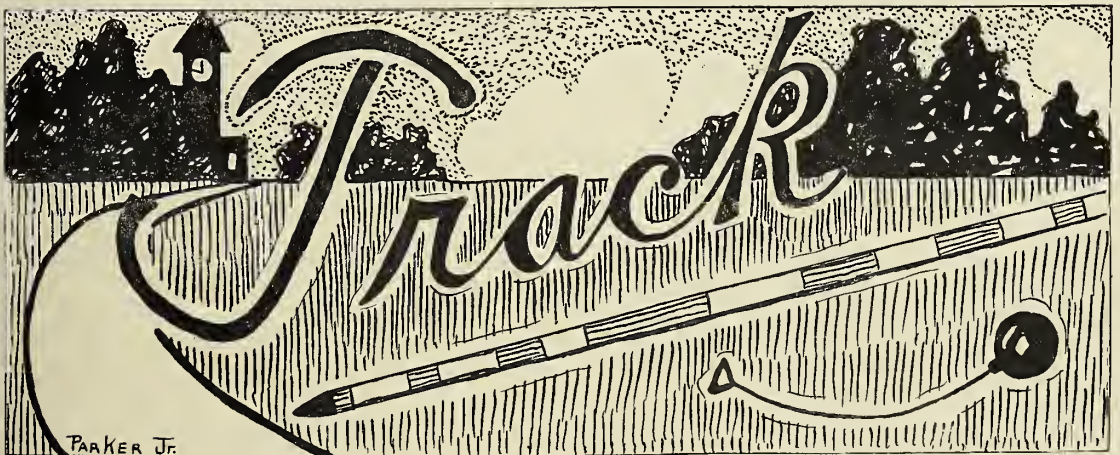
The next game was against the big leaguers representing the Jacksonville Baseball Club. They defeated the Duvalites by a score of 6 to 0 after the Tigers had made them go the limit.

After a hard work out the boys journeyed to Tampa again to try to bring back another championship, but came out on the wrong side. This was mostly due to the pitching of Cy Young an ex-professional for Tampa who put the pill over the plate so fast that the Duvalites could not see it. Dow pitched a fine game and only two runs were credited against him, the others due to the poor support of the team.

Duval finally broke her losing streak by defeating the fast E. T. A. team by a score of 5 to 4 which lasted 10 innings. Sollee pitched a great game and the hard hitting and the good fielding of the whole team won the game for Duval.

Manager Barchan is working under many difficulties, but a lot of praise is due him for the loyalty and good spirit he has shown in developing such a team.

C. H. L., '17.





19

D
H
S

17



GIRL'S



STATE



TEAM



CHAMPIONSHIP



E L S.

Duval High School Girls' Basket Ball Team

STATE CHAMPIONSHIP

Girls' athletics have always been looked upon as a minor pastime; but this old-fashioned way of thinking is rapidly disappearing. Basket ball "fans" no longer hesitate to attend the games of those whom the newspapers call "the fair exponents of the sport" and the cheerers are just as enthusiastic for them as they are for the boys. The girls go on the court like true sportsmen, determined to win or take their defeat in the proper way. Is Duval less proud of the championship the girls have won than she is of the championship the boys have won? The fact that she is not is sufficient to prove that girls' athletics are claiming their place.

Many unthinking people maintain that girls do not need the training that athletics afford as much as boys do. Do they not need to be healthy? Do they not need to learn to forget themselves and work for the glory of their team and school? Do they not need to know the meaning of sacrifice and loyalty? Every loyal girl in the game is willing to give up her place to another who can play better. She is also willing to give up many afternoons to hard practice when she could be enjoying herself in an easier way.

It is true that athletics for girls have many drawbacks. The Board of Education has failed to provide a gymnasium, one of the most essential departments of a school. The boys have not felt this need as much as the girls because the "gym" of the Young Men's Christian Association is open to them; but the girls are many times at a loss as to where to practice. The Armory has been generously open to them, but if it is in use by the soldiers or rented for an entertainment, they must practice on the cement court in the park. This need however is greatly lessened by the Y. M. C. A. as the interscholastic games may be played there.

Never before in the history of Duval has there been so much excitement in athletics. With many members of the 1916 team and with much new material the girls struck out for the championship of Florida. Not a player dared miss a practice to attend a card party or entertainment for she realized that another was eager and capable of filling her

place. For this reason each girl strove to do her best at every practice. Such friendly rivalry! Is it a wonder that this is a championship team? At times the practice games became so exciting that Coach Wilbur had to blow the whistle to calm the players. If it had not been for the capable supervision of Professor Wilbur and Walter Lynch, it is doubtful if the girls would ever have gone home to study. The art of basket ball, it may indeed be called an art, was taught by men who had played the game and thoroughly understood it, while the girls were chaperoned by Miss Shaw, Supervisor of Girls' Athletics. The services of Miss Shaw, Mr. Wilbur and Mr. Lynch are deeply appreciated by the team and the champions feel that the honor they have won is but a trifling reward for the untiring efforts of these three. The members of the team who have earned their "D"'s are: Forwards, Hildegard Sauter, '17, (Capt.); Ruth Bates, '18; Vivian Thomas, '19; Susan Greeley, '18 and Rosalie Toomer, '17; guards, Maria May, '19; Annie Harwick, '17; Therma Grunthal, '18; Margaret May, '17; Virginia McIlwain, '17; Ella Williams, '20; centers, Edna Floyd, '17; Kathryn McNeil, '19; running centers, Althea Stephens, '19; Agnes Wayne, '18. Others connected with the team are: Coach, Prof. G. E. Wilbur; Referee, Mr. W. C. Lynch; Supervisor of Girls' Athletics, Miss Amy Irene Shaw; Manager of basket ball team, Miss Elizabeth Richards, '17.

Not only has the Girls' Athletic Association of 1917 been able to carry out an attractive program of athletics, but it has also been able to leave to the Association of 1918 a treasury that is not altogether empty. Fearing that a debt might be incurred toward the last of the season, a tag day, that netted about thirty-five dollars, was held in the school. The treasury also received forty-three dollars from a "carnival" given by the Sophomores under the direction of Miss Shaw and the money received from the class games must not be forgotten. The officers of this Association are: President, Annie Harwick; Vice-President, Reita Chambers; Treasurer, Susan Greeley; Secretary, Virginia McIlwain; Mascot, Vivian Thomas.



SENIOR GIRLS' TEAM



ONLY "TWINS"



MISS MORRIS

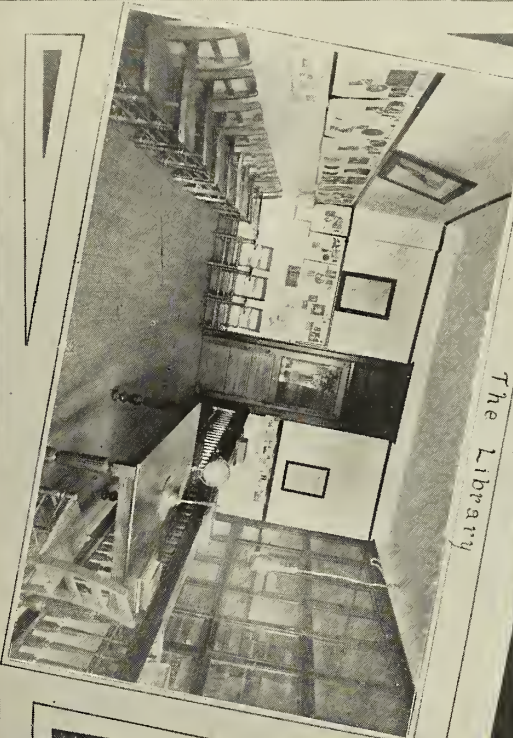


JUST CRISS & JERRY

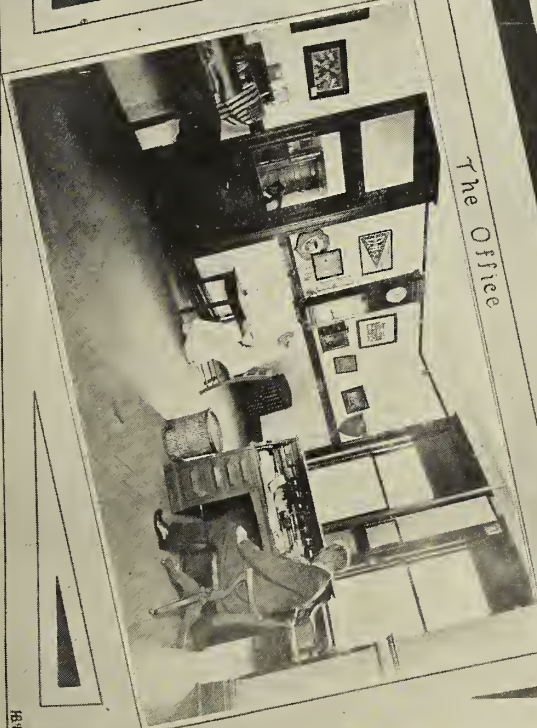


TOO MANY COOKS SPOIL THE PIE

W. H. H. H. H. H.



The Library



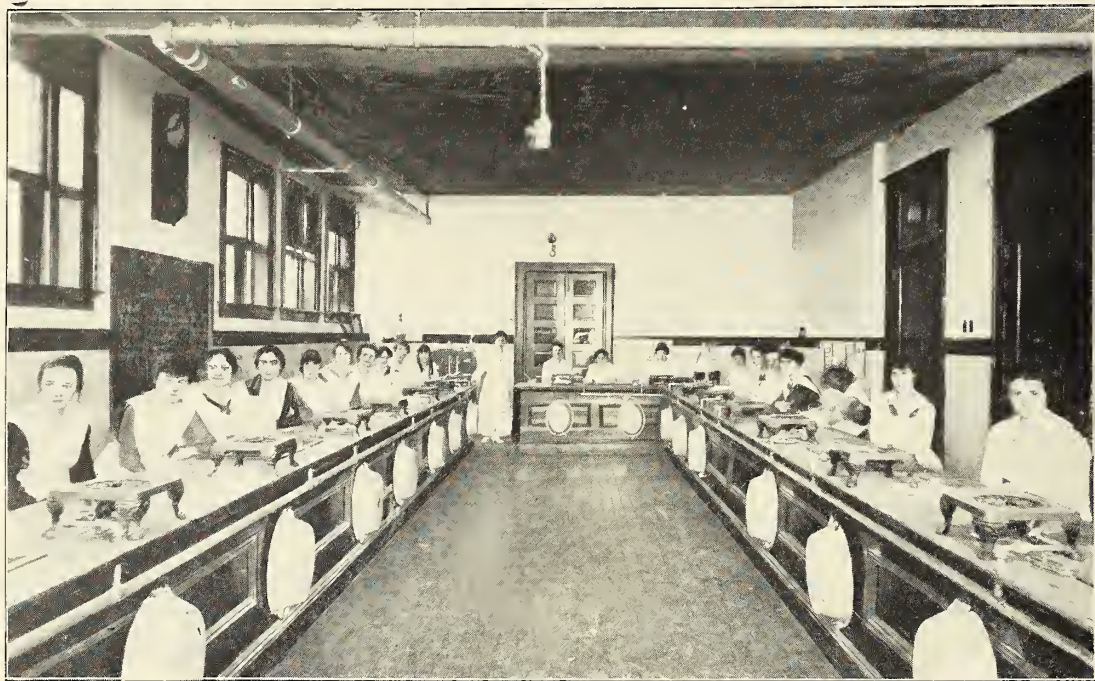
The Office



The Chemical Lab.



The Physics Lab.



Departments

DOMESTIC SCIENCE

RUTH CAPPS

One of the most interesting branches of study offered to the girls of Duval High School is Domestic Science. This department was established and equipped in 1910, and was successfully and efficiently managed by Miss Gertrude Webb for four years.

The laboratory is a pleasant room located in the basement, and is well ventilated and screened. This room will accommodate eighteen girls. The desks are equipped with gas plates and ovens. In the drawers of the desks are kept the small cooking utensils, such as, knives, forks and spoons; while below, a cabinet contains the blue enamel ware.

Connecting with the laboratory is the attractive dining room, furnished with mission oak and dainty Chinaware. In its center many pleasant memories of delightful luncheons, planned and served by the girls.

At the beginning of this year the pupils took up the study of the furnishing of the different rooms of the home, from the entrance hall to the kitchen, including the bedrooms and bathrooms. After many weeks of pleasant reading upon this subject, they turned to study budgets and household expenditures. They also had two interesting lectures upon woman's position in the home, by Mrs. Vaughn and Miss Paine.

During this past year the department has been in charge of Miss Lulu Morris, a most capable and conscientious teacher. Under her skillful guidance the girls have come to look upon home making, not as a duty to be turned over to a professional house-keeper or a hired servant, but as one of the chief vocations of womanhood.

AUNT BETTY'S DEPARTMENT

MILDRED HALL

ANNIE HARWICK

Dearest Niece of Mine:

Your long-delayed answer came just in time to prevent further communications with a detective agency of your fair city, relative to the discovery of a clue to the whereabouts of a certain young relative of mine.

It fully repaid me for all my trouble to hear you praise your knowledge of Domestic Science. I knew you would some day thank me if I could only keep you at it. Even the High School girls realize the joys of work well done and are reminded of it more each day that brings Commencement nearer. Some are glad of the great day and others are sad, according to various dispositions; but I am inclined to believe that the joyful ones are only trying to cover up what they feel. The classes have been studying more than cooking lately for there's such a little time left to finish the house which only has the kitchen furnished at the present time.

Oh! and what do you 'spose? One day they all went on a sight-seeing trip to the Armour Plant and the wonders they did see! They all behaved like angels (?) for Miss Morris is a most capable chaperone, so they say; and then, too, they felt that the dignity of Duval should be upheld by its worthy representatives; they're most nine-months-old seniors, now you know. But to see the bunch together at times one would think it to be the Freshmen out for a frolic. Each and every member of the cooking class hates to leave, I know; they all agree that the course is one that pays and above all they extend a vote of thanks to Miss Morris, who, though a new member of the faculty has adapted

THE ORACLE

herself so readily to the work, that each sixth and seventh period in the basement has been a joy.

And then, it hasn't been all work; for, it's such a dandy place to get acquainted with all your friends' little peculiarities and if you happen to have a partner with a delicate appetite, it's heavenly! I don't know what will happen when they have to cook alone with no Mary or Alice to lend a helping hand and no Miss Morris to pester with questions. Each girl wants to be remembered 'specially, which, of course, is impossible, but the class as a whole is glad to be honored with the distinctive title of her first to graduate.

Child, I'm afraid I've tired you to distraction but that just had to be said. You said that I must come and spend the summer? Well, I hope you meant it for I'm accepting right away before you give that spare room to some other eager claimant. I've fully made up my mind to take a vacation and can think of nothing so uninviting as a summer spent in this "poky" little town. See, your old aunt's age hasn't quite removed the frivolity of your youth.

Well, I must stop now; but Aunt Betty will be glad to speak her epistles orally from henceforth and she is mighty thankful for the patient attention that the dear reader has always given.

Good-bye, 'till I see you.

AUNT BETTY.

P. S.—Will come on an early train in about two weeks. No need to meet me as I want to surprise you.

M. H., '17.

MANUAL TRAINING

Just think of being allowed to go to school and work with the hands as well as the mind! Most boys like to make things. That is the advantage of Manual Training. However the number enrolled in this department is smaller than in previous years, probably on account of the introduction of the commercial course into the school. This has been very advantageous, because the classes are smaller, giving the boys an opportunity to do better work.

The department has a fine equipment, especially suited to its needs. The machinery is up-to-date, with individual motor drive, and fitted with safety appliances. In another year the equipment will be complete in every detail. A great deal of it was installed by the boys.

The work this year is the best on record. Several of the models turned out would do credit to a first-class workman. Much of the work has been done by the group system. This system has proved very advantageous, because it teaches a pupil to work with others.

The instructor, Professor Brickel, understands his business thoroughly. Under his management the department has grown wonderfully.





DOMESTIC ART

Many girls have enjoyed the Domestic Art Course since its establishment in 1912. When equipped the department was put in charge of Miss Gertrude Webb, also Domestic Science teacher. However, in January, 1913 Miss Estelle Herrold came to assist Miss Webb, and, through her splendid ability, soon became supervisor of the department.

In 1914, when sewing was introduced into the grammar schools, the High School teacher was made superintendent of the grade work.

This work of the High School is both interesting and profitable. The first year the pupils learn plain sewing, such as the making of simple underwear, lingerie waists, skirts and dainty dresses.

This year the pupils also made many attractive Christmas presents in both classes. However, the work of the second year is more complex in nature than that of the first, consisting mainly of millinery. Along with the technical work they learn from their textbooks the history, appearance, characteristics, and uses of the fibres, the history and use of embroidery, and costume designing.

The room is splendidly equipped with sewing tables, machines, lockers and other essentials for good sewing, including a separate fitting room.

Mrs. Brickel was succeeded this year by Miss Cage, who has proved herself to be a very competent teacher.

The Domestic Art is one of the most valuable studies offered to girls for by it they learn to dispense with dressmakers.

MECHANICAL DRAWING

A study found extremely interesting by the boys of Duval High School is Mechanical Drawing. The department was established in 1912, and has grown very rapidly.

The room in the basement is very pleasant in both winter and summer. It is well equipped with drawing tables and drawing instruments for both freehand and mechanical drawing.

At first, only mechanical and architectural drawing were taught, but later freehand drawing and water color work were added to the course. This course originally covered only two years, but one may take a third year if one so desires.

The mechanical drawing course begins with the construction problems of geometry and projections and ends with the drawing of pieces of machinery and its accessories, such as cranks, bolts, nuts and valves.

The architectural drawing course opens with the drawing of windows, and closes with the perspectives of houses; while the freehand drawing consists of copying models.

This department has, from the beginning been under the able management of Professor Zeller. It has grown remarkably since established.

RUTH CAPPS, '17.

Auditorium

Our Auditorium, to which you will find no one sauntering after the third bell has rung, as you might between classes, is now a classroom itself. For this year both a Commercial Course and a Teachers' Training Course have been added to the curriculum. As our rapid growth has filled all the other rooms of the High School, the Auditorium has been assigned to these courses, and various changes have been made to facilitate them. Thus the "hall of pleasure" has been disturbed by the rattle of typewriters and the voices of teachers and scholars. That is, except on certain, well-remembered occasions when it regains its former position of assembly hall and is filled to overflowing with excited scholars.

There is no lack of spirit from a lack of space, however, for each class is striving to drown out the others with its yells, to prove that its loyalty to Duval is greater than all the rest. And this does not mean boys only; for certainly, to judge by the noise, half of this spirit comes from our fairer scholars. This show of spirit continues until a figure appears on the stage, his arms outstretched for silence. Then we get ready for business, whatever that business may be. Sometimes it is athletics, sometimes patriotic songs and sometimes a rally for the Senior Play. But whatever it is, the same enthusiasm is shown; the same "esprit de corps" is felt.

At the first of the year it was football that claimed our attention, our prowess and that of our heroes being sung. We had several meetings for minor games, but the one before the Tampa game was, as always, the biggest and the loudest. If only we had had the spirit after the game as before.

Next, basketball was the subject of our meetings, and here we cheered not in vain. For we cheered before the games and we cheered afterward.

We were especially fortunate this year in having Mr. Hardy, of the Redpath Chautauqua, lead us in singing our favorite and patriotic songs on two mornings. And our auditorium rang with a spirit greater than our school spirit, the spirit of patriotism and love for our country.

The Senior Play called us here another occasion, while at two other times, less joyous, but more momentous, we met: first for the reading of the "President's Message to Congress;" and second on the occasion of Mr. Cooper's resignation from the Chairmanship of the School Board.

The many good times we had in this auditorium, and the many friends who shared them, will long live in the memory of those who are leaving Duval for other fields of activity.

ALLAN PRATT.

FLORIDA TREES

The air was fragrant with the breath of morn,

And pearly dew drops glittered everywhere,
As down the winding forest path, I took my way,

And paused, with breath suspended, at the beauty there.

Here towers the mighty oak, whose topmost boughs,

Extend far upward toward the vaulted sky;
A monument to nature's wond'rous power it stands,

Unharm'd by all the storms of years long since gone by.

There stands the stately maple fair and tall,
Whose spreading limbs extending o'er the way,

Bend in the gentle morning breeze, and shake
The dew drops from the leaves in shining spray.

On every hand around me I can see
Some evidence of nature's skillful hand;
The lofty elm, the not less beauteous fir,
The weeping willow, all before me stand.

And must I make a choice from all of these?

That is a task I fear to undertake,
A task, I think, too hard for such as I,
Who love them all, but cannot thus discriminate.

No, I will slight not one of these, God's gifts to us,

Each has a beauty that is all its own;
Then I shall be content to love them all,—
They're all my favorite trees, not one alone!

MOONLIGHT ON THE ST. JOHNS

When the shades of night are softly falling,
Peeps the still moon from yon silv'ry cloud,
And the flick'ring stars that hear her calling,
Gather round their queen so fair and proud.

Far beneath them flows the St. Johns river,
Wending onward toward the shining sea;
On her dancing waves the moonbeams quiver,
Keeping time with her sweet melody.

Gentle breezes o'er St. Johns are sighing,
Where the moonbeam fairies love to hide;
O'er the gleaming water sea gulls flying,
Cast a shadow on the moonlit tide.

A Word to Our Sister Classes

In the natural course of time, and events, it has devolved upon us, the Seniors of Seventeen, to pass forever, as pupils, from the threshold of Duval. Likewise certain duties and obligations have developed, in the performance of which we have whole-heartedly exerted ourselves as best we might. One of these duties, at once sweet and sad, is our farewell to you, oh, Sister Classes of Duval. 'Tis a duty to be conscientiously observed, for upon your shoulders we are placing a great responsibility. You, this fall, with the entering Class of '21, will constitute the student body of Duval. And therefore, it becomes our pleasure, or sorrow, as you will, to admonish you all, but you especially, worthy Juniors, of the weight and sacredness of the ideals and traditions, which we reluctantly relinquish. Think not, however, that we drop them; we leave them to you as an heritage, for they will continue to animate our thoughts and actions.

We leave you not the halls and walls of some school, mellowed by the associations of antiquity, but the memory of this class, and others past—a memory glorified by their and our support of lofty ideals. We will to you, not star-grasping piles of aged masonry, nor tilings hallowed by the feet of countless devotees of Minerva, but a faculty as loyal to your school, as they are broad and just. We give you, not a name, mouthed by thousands, bandied by the mob, and known to all the

earth, but the deep respect accorded by our city, and your friends, to the name of Duval. It is a name unsmirched, a 'seutheon blotless; keep it so.

Take up with joy the tasks imposed by us—a joy yet tempered with the full perception of the care due them. It has been to us a pleasure, to hold aloft, this all-too swiftly passing year, the standard of Duval. We have met, and overcome, the obstacles that would have dimmed the lustre of our name. We have faced, and trampled under foot, the soft and easy ways that lead aside—always steadfastly, unafraid, for were not we the leaders of the school. If, perchance, we stumbled here and there, we did so because our eyes were on the light; our step was all the more assured each time, for each weakness put aside, but added to our strength.

Lo, now we say, "Go ye, and do likewise." O Juniors, Sophomores and Freshman, be strong to bear the burden of your honors. Duval expects it of you, for, as it has been said, *Duval plays the game.* You need never bow your heads in shame at any action of hers; she may rightly demand the same from you. Each passing class has added, stone by stone, to rearing of her fame—we Seniors feel confident, in leaving her honor in your hands, our Sister Classes of Duval.

P. WILSON.

THE SONG OF THE PINES

Supreme in stateliness and grace,
In majesty we rise,
As we rear our strong and mighty trunks
Up toward the vaulted skies.

Our branches sway in the summer breeze,
And softly whisper low,
And we sigh and moan in the wintry blast,
When furious storm winds blow.

Beneath the shelter of our boughs
Bright flowers nestle fair,
Safe from the noonday's wilting heat,
The sunlight's blinding glare.

Successive years with circling flight,
Pass by while still we stand,
Invincible and haughty still,
The monarchs of the land.



THE EXTENT OF THE EXCHANGES

G. MURIEL, E. WILLIAMS

This year has been a very pleasant one among all the Exchanges. We have enjoyed our distant friends and hope to see them all again next year.

The Oracle is extremely interested in the foreign exchanges. Through their interesting pages its readers get a glimpse of what goes on in other schools, and learn that the Japanese boys and girls have as good a chance for an education as those of the Western hemisphere. The "Kwassui Quarterly," one of the best on our exchange list comes from the other side of the Pacific. This interesting monthly is published half in English and half in Japanese, making a very unique and delightful addition to our Exchange Department.

The "St. John's Echo," from Shanghai, is very interesting and from it we have learned many things about China and the Chinese situations. We also receive an exchange from Honolulu. The "Oahuan" is one of our best friends, and except for it we would think Honolulu a very distant place. Two more of our best exchanges come from Alaska, and another from Africa. While our nearer exchanges are very dear to us, we really look forward more to the coming of the foreign ones, as they bring us in touch with a newer and different life.

The High School magazine has a great influence on the minds of the students, and the Exchanges give us all new ideas and out-

looks on life. Some of our Exchanges have contained many excellent poems and stories, which will no doubt prove true character builders.

In looking over our list of printed visitors we find that from the smallest to the largest, each has a Literary Department which shows a development along this line that is a credit to High School journalism. In all of the exchanges we also find an Athletic Department which has its effect in helping to build up the physical body. Then all have their pages of fun, adding the necessary spice so essential to life.

By comparison we realize that although climatic conditions, circumstances and environments differ where these various High School journals are published, yet the boys and girls who write the jokes, stories, poems and literary matter are after all "brothers and sisters of the same great world."

G. M., '17.

Oracle, Jacksonville, Fla.—It is always a great pleasure to receive a paper like yours. Although one department seems to vie with the other in worth I think the literary is the best. Your Domestic Science cut is awfully sweet, but don't you think it looks queer to mix some of your jokes among the ad spaces? Please continue to come.—Mirror.

The Oracle, Jacksonville, Fla.—Your cover this month is attractive. The literary department is excellent. With due respect to other papers, we maintain the Oracle the best yet.—Echo, Hume-Fagg H. School.

THE ORACLE

THANKS TO OUR FRIENDS

Resume of "The Oracle"

(Archive, Philadelphia)

The warm balmy breezes from the sunny Southland have borne direct to us a missive, bearing the cheery news that Miss Springtime once again has traveled north to visit us. This love-bearing missive is none other than the Oracle, of Duval High School. We cordially welcome our friend from Jacksonville, Florida.

The poem, "Song of the Hyacinths," is charming. The vividness of this song is reflected in the waters of the picture opposite, entitled "Water Hyacinths." Your literary department is excellent. "Heroes by Proxy" is cleverly written. "The Truth of What Happened to Kitchener" is novel. It contains many interesting surprises. The occasional glimpse of poetry throughout this department of your paper is highly commendable.

The editorials are well written. We agree with you that the Sophomore Class has worked hard for the Oracle and we join with you in your congratulations upon its success.

Civics, Domestic Science and Class Notes have been recorded in true fashion. "How Jacksonville

Wakes Up in the Morning" is likewise true of Philadelphia. The writing of the "Class Minutes" is an excellent plan. One can see just what your class is doing by consulting the Oracle.

Duval athletics is written in an entertaining way. We are pleased to note that the girls are very active along sporting lines. We wish you the greatest success in all your sports for the coming season.

The Exchange Department is brimming full of life. You may well be proud of the numerous criticisms made on your paper.

The Alumni and Joke Departments are good. It is an excellent idea to follow up your graduates as you do. The joke column is to be congratulated on its brevity.

The advertising manager must be a terribly busy person to obtain so many ads. The many photographs which you display do much to enliven your paper. The cover design is very appropriate. In fact, we can find nothing to criticize other than that which is good. Take all in all you represent our best exchange.—Archive.

[Many thanks to our Exchange, the Archive, Philadelphia, for the above much-appreciated criticism.] Ed.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

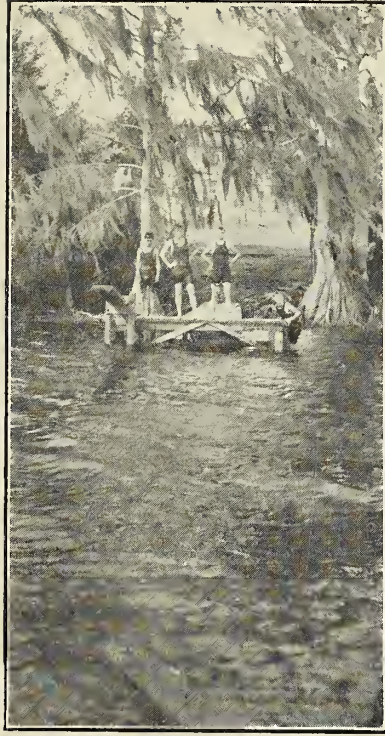
With deepest regret did Duval High School receive the resignation of Mr. John C. Cooper, Jr., Chairman of the School Board. We are glad that Mr. Cooper sees his duty to lie in the service of his country; yet we are sorry to lose such a friend as he has proved. Mr. Cooper has always shown interest in High School activities. Especially is this so in regard to athletics. Because he has taken this interest in us we have come to know him better, perhaps, than any other gentleman that has filled the office of chairman. The Senior Class hopes that Mr. Cooper will be able to obtain sufficient leave from his duties, to enable him to present their diplomas on Commencement night. The entire student body joins in thanking him for his parting address in our auditorium. We feel proud of his confidence in us, and shall strive to follow his closing words "Remember that Duval always plays the game!"

Duval High School wishes to welcome Mr. Fred B. Noble as a member of the School Board. We believe that Governor Catts made a wise move in appointing such an able gentle-

man to fill the vacancy occurring through Mr. Cooper's resignation. Mr. Noble has already shown his interest in our school. For the past three years he has conducted the "Du-Hi-Y" Bible Class. The students who know Mr. Noble greatly esteem his acquaintance. We feel sure that with Mr. Noble's appointment, we have secured another able man and valuable friend on the Board.

The Senior Class of Duval High School desires to thank Mr. Butts and the City Council in behalf of the faculty and student body, for their action in passing the ordinance to prevent heavy trafficking around the High School. The stopping of this noisy nuisance is a great aid to both the faculty and the student body in conducting their work, for not only can recitations be heard; but also the windows can be raised, allowing a much needed circulation of fresh air. Mr. Butts has been largely instrumental in the passage of this ordinance. He has kindly and courteously listened to the various Senior Committees sent to obtain his help, and the Class of '17 extends him a vote of thanks for his interest and aid in this matter, which is of such importance to the school.

To Rollins College



Shining softly o'er Virginia,
Shedding its rays of silver light
In a shining path across the water,
Piercing the shadows of the night.

The moon, so large and beautiful,
Turns the night to a dream-land day,
And from the lake, from fair Virginia,
Are floating voices, happy, gay.

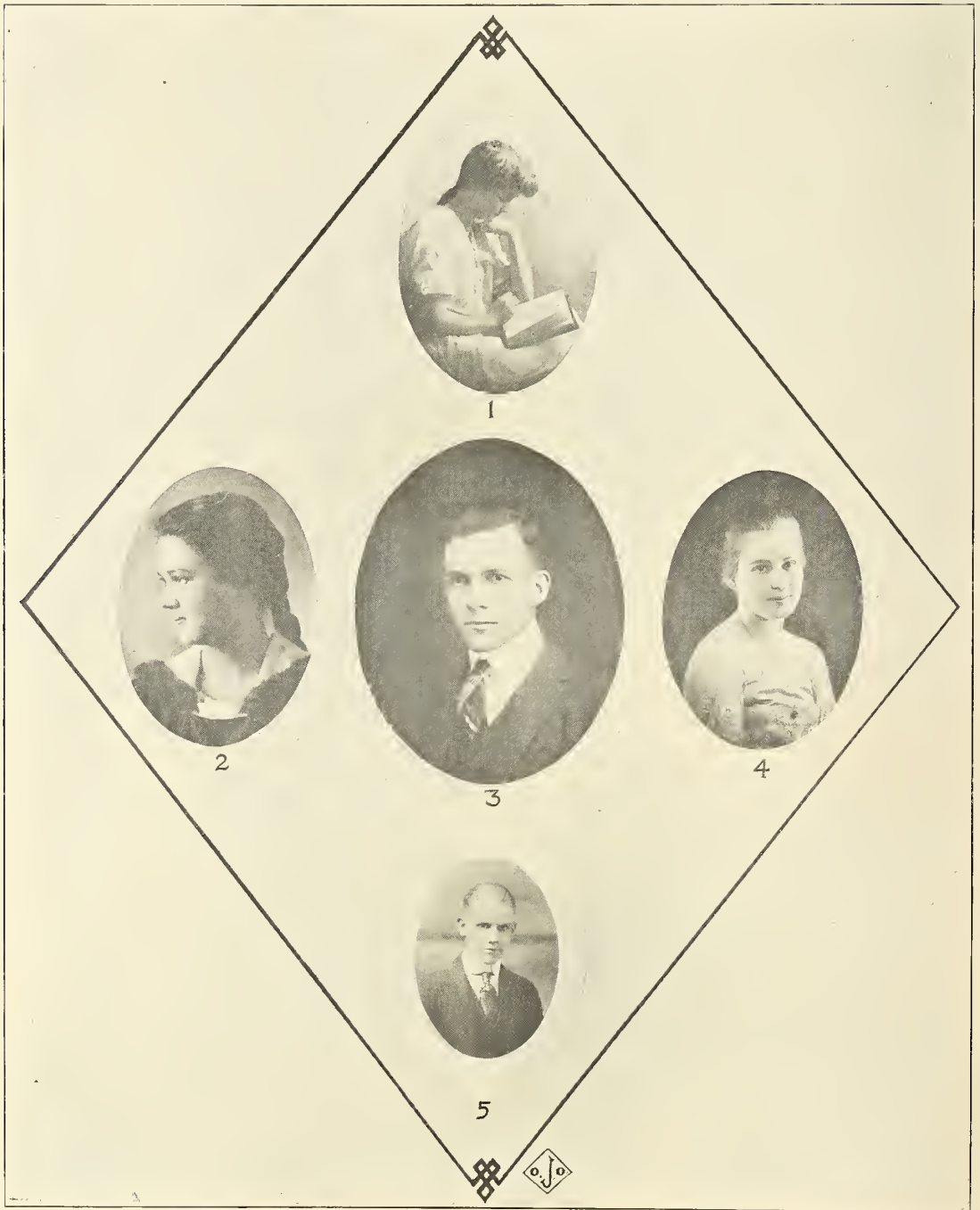
Soft sounds the music of guitars
Thru the air, so calm, so still,
Mingling with the chirp of crickets,
And the cry of the whip-poor-will.

Thru Virginia's waters gliding,
Silent moves the slim canoe.
Moon-light! Music! Words alluring!
Dream of fairyland come true!

Rollins! Rollins, fair and peaceful!
Here 'neath Southern skies thou art
But another place I give thee—
Dwell forever in my heart!

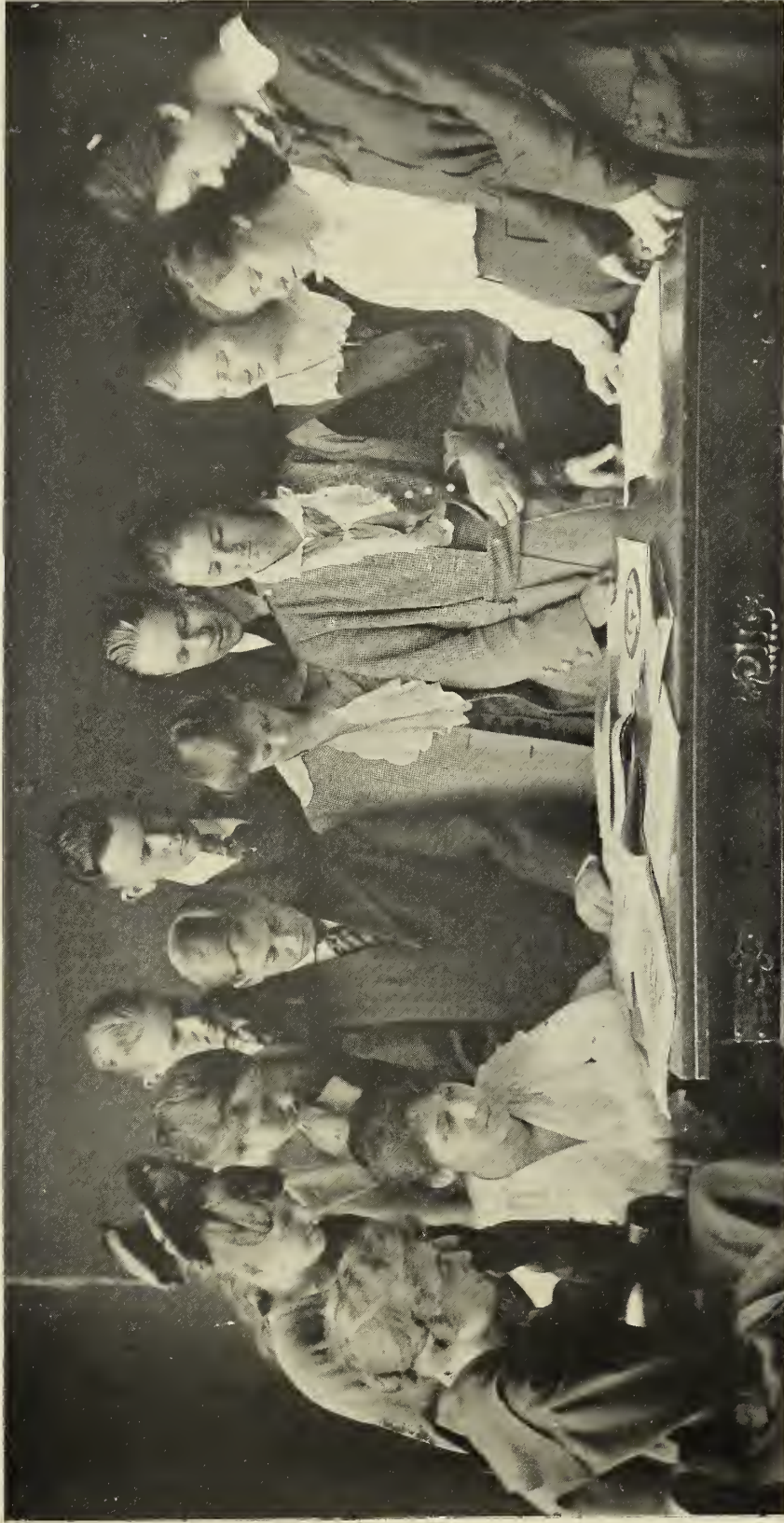
DOROTHY DEAN BENNETT,
Duval, '16.
Rollins, '20.

JUNIOR CLASS OFFICERS



- | | |
|--------------------------------------|------------------------------|
| 1. Helen Spratt, Mascot | 3. George Dow, President |
| 2. Ruth Crawford, Treasurer | 4. Dorothy Hodges, Secretary |
| 5. Charles Murchison, Vice-President | |

JUNIOR STAFF OFFICERS



Leila Stetson
 Elizabeth McCallum
 Chas. Murchison
 Varina Knight
 Louise Melson

Claude Allen
 Carter Braxton

Helen Spratt

Susan Greeley
 Jno. Icenhour

Dorothy Hodges

Mazie Hall

Ruth Crawford

FAREWELL TO SENIORS

To thee, O Seniors, Class of '17,
 Who in thy hour of triumph and success
 With sad reluctant hearts leave old Duval,
 We bid a last farewell.
 Thou hast traversed staid Learning's shel-
 tered lane,—
 A narrow path, and cool; and on each side
 'Rose mighty oaks, majestic in their power,
 Which shaded thee from Summer's parch-
 ing heat;
 Down, through their many branches, tiny
 beams
 Formed dainty network lace of sun and
 shade;
 And through their leaves, as soft the gentle
 breezes
 Touched them, seemed to come a-whispering,
 A little song of Nature's joy and life.
 Beneath thy feet, soft moss a carpet made,
 And on the wayside 'mid the emerald grass
 Blossomed a myriad-colored flow'rs,
 Like little stars that dot an evening sky.
 On either hand were rolling fields of grain,
 Unripened, yet thriving well, as gracefully
 It waved, and gained a double splendor
 from
 The sunbeams shed upon its golden sheaves.
 Far—far on in th' expanse of future years
 Are, radiant in their prime, the golden
 harvests
 Which sometime may be thine.
 Thy pathway broadens
 No longer do the oaks shade all the way,—
 Yet, when fatigued thou may find cooling
 rest
 In sheltered nook, where many a flower
 blooms
 To cheer thee with its dainty smiling face.
 And now thou'rt on the Highway of Life;
 Though obstacles may oftentimes hinder
 thee,—
 Still—onward to the goal!

Ah, in the future may prosperity
 Be so immingled with contentment, that
 Together they will weave through all thy
 lives
 A lasting network of great happiness.

R. CRAWFORD, '18.

AT HOME

At Home, November 20, 1917.

My dear Merry:

School has started and thus my Senior year is well begun. The class of '18 is surely a busy one and a happy one, too. I'm going to tell you about its clubs and affairs, for I know you will be interested.

The Gardeuer's Club is raising enough food to supply the whole school, at least, that is the boast of its president, Helen Spratt—you remember meeting her, don't you? She has put her whole enthusiastic self into the work and you may know she is getting results.

I will write to you later about the match between the Duval High Rifle Team and the Y. M. C. A. one, to be held next Friday evening. Helen Minium is our crack shot, for she excels even Otto Oosterhoudt, who can make a record of ninety-five out of a hundred shots. Other members of our team are: Marion Adams, Carmen Baya, Wilma Ellsworth, Glover Marvin, Carter Braxton, and George Milam. I tried for the team but could not make it.

Every second and fourth Friday evening, we Seniors have a great "Get-together" rally, which is loads of fun. The different clubs in turn furnish the entertainment after which we sing, play games, and have refreshments. At the last meeting, the debating class amused the crowd by a debate on "The Proper Method of Bringing Up Children." Charles Murchison was, by far, the best speaker on the subject. At our next assembly, we will be treated to a performance by the dramatic company, entitled "When Women Vote." The leading lady is Marion Farmer, and the hero, Toupie Safay. Other "stars" are Sam Marshall, Erma Ricker, Ercell Mabry, Mazie Hall, and Eugene Brash.

Just now there is a great deal of excitement over the race to be held by the canoers, William Adams, Bruce Preble, Frank Harrison, and James Craig. It will be a close struggle, I know, for all of the boys are experts and each is anxious to win the prize, a gold watch fob.

"We'll hang old Tampa to the sour apple tree" is the school's slogan for our Thanksgiving game with Tampa's football bunch. And you can imagine how excited we Seniors are for this is our last Tampa game, and old Duval's Red and White just must win for our sakes.

But, Merry, I know you will want to hear about the Spring Music Festival which we are beginning to plan for now. Therna Grunthal has consented to sing; Florence Gordon will accompany her. For violinists, we have signed up Elizabeth Larsen, Kenneth West, and Arnold Masters, but other musicians will be added later.

So with our work and our play, we are occupied, so please don't expect many letters this winter, dear Merry. But I will often think of you and wish you were here to attend Duval and join this wonderful class of '18.

With much love,

ELSIMAE ALLEN.

MID-YEAR JUNIOR CLASS OFFICERS



1. Ruth Leach
2. Mildred Everitt

5. Jonnie O'Neal

3. James Mitchell
4. Ed. Fretwell

A Fable Concerning the Officers of the Sub-Junior Class

Surrounded by thousands of tiny cloud boats with fleecy sails, the sun sank slowly beneath the Western horizon. Along a narrow, winding pathway, through a leafy glade, came two people, hand-in-hand. He led her gently over the grassy knolls, and carefully guided her tiny feet across the murmuring rills, occasionally stooping to pick, with his free hand, a violet or tiger-lily that grew by the roadside. Suddenly they heard a noise like the rushing of a mighty river. Mildred Everitt quailed in terror and grew white to the lips, clinging more desperately to James' hand. With dilated eyes and panting breath, she looked toward the direction from which the sound came. Unexpectedly, there appeared from out the gloom the small figure of light-hearted Jonnie O'Neal. Skipping along, jumping over cactus or sago palms and lightly vaulting over a cabbage palm, she bolted instantly in front of them. Tauntingly, she greeted Mildred with: "Oh you poor baby! her couldn't go out alone, could her?" Then, with a swift movement, before he could anticipate her intent, she butted into James and shoved him over the precipice. And, alas! he fell off the embankment, spraining his great toe. In spite of poor Mildred's tears, Jonnie bounded on, laughing gleefully.

The following morning James swore out a warrant against Jonnie for assault and battery. Edward Fretwell, prosecuting attorney for the "happy hunting grounds" of '18½, appeared in behalf of the people. When Edward read the complaint against Jonnie O'Neal, he wrung his hands and showed his white teeth. Then and there he aroused his ambitions for once and vowed that he would bring Jonnie to justice or "quit the country."

A jury of twelve good men and true were chosen. Edward presented the case very ably, and so eloquent was his plea that it wrung tears from the eyes of the jurors. But, alas, each one of these good men had a brand new set of false teeth, and being directly insulted

by the way Edward flaunted his teeth in their faces, they decided the case against him.

Edward, true to his vow, ran wildly from the court room, sprinted down Riverside Avenue and, in less time than it takes me to tell it, he arrived at the signal flag staff at Black Point, just as an aeroplane alighted near him.

The scene now changes. In a beautiful home in Riverside lived a charming girl, Ruth Leach, by name. This most excellent young lady had one failing: she had an inclination to be flighty. She had reached that point in her flightiness where nothing but a trip in an air-ship could satisfy her. Two of her ardent admirers agreed to take her on a trip through the air. As she could not decide which one she preferred to go with, she went with both, thinking that, perhaps, in the high altitude, so near the stars she might settle down and decide on one of the two. So these young men purchased a large air-ship, hired an aviator, then came and tapped the wings of their machine against her window, as a signal for their departure.

Thus it was just at the psychological moment when Edward arrived at Black Point, that Ruth and her escorts were alighting for more gasoline. With a colossal roll of bank notes in his hand, Edward dashed up to them and offered the money to the aviator to take him in. Ruth, feeling a sense of indifference toward her companions, hailed Edward with glee and nudged the aviator as a sign of her acquiescence.

Meanwhile, James, sensing the danger threatening Edward, followed closely on his heels, and arrived just as the aeroplane was rising gracefully from the ground. He hastily attempted to straighten himself and fling up his long arms, but the buckle on his knee pants, catching on the button of his shoe, wrenched the aeroplane from his numb fingers; and it soared away like a liberated bird, and was soon out of sight.

JOSEPHINE PERRY, '18½.

MID-YEAR JUNIOR STAFF



Mildred Brown
Josephine Perry

James Mitchell

Wm. Dollinger

Jonnie O'Neal

Ronald Mann

Ben. Purdy

Prophecy

CLASS OF '18½

Outside a storm was raging. The strong wind blew the rain against the window pane with such force that I expected the house to tumble down. But within the house, I was hardly aware of the cold, disagreeable weather. The fire crackled on the hearth, casting dancing shadows over the room. I sat curled up in a big chair, thinking of the future days that would close our four years in D. H. S.

Just then Jane brought in my customary five-o'clock tea. Still thinking of Duval and my classmates, I raised the cup to my lips, but suddenly amazed, set it down. What was that I saw in my tea? I could have declared it was a miniature stage. I looked again and saw that my supposition was correct. Our Senior Play was being enacted; the climax had come. Just as the hero (Glen) clasped the lovely heroine (Mildred Everitt) in a fond embrace, Roy McLauren entered upon the stage, dagger in hand, and crept silently to where the lovers stood. I saw immediately that he was the villain, savage and barbarous. With a yelp of joy he thrust the knife into Glen, who fell to the floor, dead. In another instant he seized Mildred by the hair and after slashing her fair throat, he pushed her cruelly from him. With bloody dagger in hand, the villain stood triumphant and the curtain fell as an outburst of applause arose from the deeply impressed audience.

The stage now faded into a mere mist, giving place to the elaborate dressing room of Marjory McCaulay, a renowned moving picture star. I saw that she was rapidly turning the pages of an Oracle, the cover of which bore in large letters: "Commencement Number, 18½." She had been a member of this class

but had left several months before to pursue her ambition and had been made famous overnight. Soon she came to a page of pictures. In the center was that of James Mitchell, the class president, grouped around this were four others, Leone Rowe, vice-president; Mildred Brown, secretary; Doris Rousseau, treasurer, and Jonnie O'Neal, mascot. On the opposite page was a long account of our mascot's heroism. The headlines were:

Miss Jonnie O'Neal

Saves Life of

Mr. H.—— C.——

Young Heroine Jumps Into River——

Just then Marjory closed the book and I could read no more.

But now the scene changed again, this time to Ashley Court. It seemed to be late at night. No one was on the street and no lights gleamed from the windows. Soon a machine drove up and stopped. A tall youth stepped out and gave a low whistle. The door of one of the apartments opened softly, and a girl, suitcase in hand, crept out to where the car stood. Quickly they took their places in the front seat and the machine sped forward. When it reached the corner I saw by the arc light that the two mysterious occupants were Josephine and Edward. Eloping!!! I saw that we had lost two members of our class.

The shock rendered by this amazing but not surprising episode, brought my reverie to an end.

I wondered how much of this would prove true, but I was and am only a Mid-Junior, so why worry about the future?

RUTH FRANCES LEACH, '18½.

FRANCES COURTNEY HARRIS, '18½.

Class History

PART II

After our exceedingly short summer vacation, we started again at D. H. S., looking forward eagerly to the time, but a few months distant, when we should leave our primary class and enter into the wonderful realm of the Sophomores.

After the first few days of confusion; and the excitement of meeting once more old friends and new acquaintances, we settled down to work. The semester filled with athletics, class-meetings and parties, gradually slipped by, until the Christmas holidays arrived with two short weeks' freedom from studies.

Oh, how we hated to see those few happy days pass! For our return to school was welcomed by dreaded examinations. Our class feared this ordeal more than did the others, because it was our final set of exams. The day of judgment had arrived!

But at last this time of trouble passed away, as do all others, and we had reached the desired goal, including Miss Shaw and "Sophomore themes." We were Sophs! Many pleasant hours were spent in the rhetoric room

where we wrote themes (not so very pleasant), held debates, and acted out Shakespeare's plays.

About this time we held a class-meeting for the election of new officers for our Sophomore year. Edward Fretwell was made president; Mildred Everitt, vice-president; Ruth Leach, Secretary; William Dollinger, treasurer; and Rosa Bell, mascot. (Of these classmates, Rosa Bell, who is teaching kindergarten, and William Dollinger, who has moved away from the city, are no longer with us at Duval).

Nothing very unusual happened the remainder of the term. Basket Ball, baseball and tennis took the place of other outdoor sports. Not having a very large class, we hadn't many heroes in athletics. But in plain, hard, old studying, such as translating Caesar and solving Simultaneous Equations, we made up for the honors we were not able to win for old Duval.

Thus the year passed and once again we faced the "troubled times." Examinations once more came and went, leaving us free again for our happy summer days.

MILDRED EVERITT, '18½.

THE D. H. S.

How dear to my heart is the school of my
girlhood,
Where four happy years took so swiftly their
flight,
And ever in memory's deepest recesses,
Will linger fond thoughts of those moments
so bright;
The lessons so pleasant, the joys and the
pleasures,—
The happiness flooding those days all too few;
And far from the last place among mem'ry's
treasures,
Will be granted the teachers so faithful and
true.

How often we must have tried sorely their
patience,
While blundering onward along this fair way,
Well-trod by the foot-steps of many before us,
Who've long since departed and scattered
away;
But through devious turnings, in spite of our
errors,
They brought us at last to our long hoped-for
goal,
And gratitude to them will surely rest ever,
In the heart of each student of dear old Duval.

SOPHOMORE CLASS OFFICERS



1. Annie May Keefe, Vice-President
2. John Taylor, Secretary

5. Soule Lee, Mascot

3. Joe Barchan, President
4. Lauriston Moore, Treasurer



Olga Holmes, Bessie Crutchfield, Susan Williams, Marguerite Shay, John Taylor, Geraldine Hatcher
Jennette Grether, Joe Barchan, Vivian Thomas

SOPHOMORES' FAREWELL TO THE SENIORS

"Glory to Old Duval and the Class of '17," cry the Sophs, as a crowd of Seniors emerged from Duval with diplomas in their hands and a mixture of joy and regret in their hearts. Knowledge? Yes they have it. Dignity? Yes, and looks? Oh my yes! Why they had so many candidates for prettiest girl when getting the class statistics that there was scarcely anything save boys left to vote! Spirit? Yes; cannot be surpassed! All this we had to admit even though we were jealous as ever we could be.

Should an old acquaintance be forgot? No; and we will never forget these Seniors of '17. Even though they are gone there are old landmarks left to keep their memory fresh in our minds. A little corner in the auditorium is sacred to their memory even tho filled with strange faeces! Every person who enters the familiar old office can gaze upon their smiling faeces! Yes, there is a picture down there of all our old friends. Everybody follow their example and they will be all right!

They left us feeling big and heavy headed with knowledge, their hopes high, thinking

about next year when they will once more become Freshies in a new school. They will go in laden with memories of Old Duval to spread our fame in many lands. Don't forget your motto, Seniors, "Ad Astra Per Aspera!"

S. WILLIAMS.

WE SOPHOMORES

When June 19th rolls around the Class of '19 will be one step higher in Duval, also one step higher towards success in life.

As I look back on our past record for the year it seems a very good one. We have stood up to our motto in every way. The spirit shown by the Sophomore class this year cannot be equaled by any other class in Duval. We have been faithful in everything that was called upon us to do. In our studies and in the support of athletics and the Oracle we have always responded first. In patriotism the Sophomore class was also the first. We had ten members of our class who answered the President's call to arms.

As President of the Sophomore Class I wish to thank each Sophomore for the spirit he has shown this year.

JOE BARCHAN,
President '19.



V. Williams

P. Conroy

E. Beasley

L. Joel

THE SOPHOMORES

Hurrah for Ernestine Landrum and Mallie Sligh, the champion ad collectors of the Sophomore Class! When the contest began, it was announced that the class which obtained the most ads should receive a prize. But when the contest was over, and the Oracle published, it was found that individuals, and not the classes as a whole, had done the work. So the first prize was received by Ernestine Landrum, who had obtained about fifty dollars in ads, and the second prize was awarded to Mallie Sligh.

The Sophomore Class is indeed proud of

these zealous workers, and grateful to them for their loyal support and services in a time of such dire need.

P. STRIPLING.

Which is the liveliest class in Duval? Who sells the most tickets when football and basketball games come around? Who won the boys' Basketball Championship this year? Who gave two hundred dollars worth of ads to the Oracle? Who gets out the best class Oracle? Who won the Tennis Championship? The Sophomores, of course!

C. HARTE, '19.



Wm. Brown, Pres.



Alice Reitz, V. Pres.



Eloise Beazley, Sec'y.



Earl Shine, Treas.

Mid-Year Soph. Officers.

THE SOPHOMORE YEAR

Busily the drone of voices arises from the Soph class rooms. Hard at work? Yes, indeed, if you can judge from the sounds coming from within all the Soph rooms. All thru the busy year, the Sophs, bright and early, have been working most industriously with one chief aim—to pass finals.

Under the skillful guidance of our teachers we have followed Quaekenbos thru innumerable mazes of Rhetoric, have ridden triumphant thru Europe with Napoleon, have watched Caesar vanquish foe after foe, and have wandered into the fascinating mysteries of Geometry.

With the one goal in sight—the Junior Class—the Sophs have grown to be as dignified as their Junior friends—have matured morally, mentally and physically so that when the change from Soph to Junior comes, it will not be felt so keenly as was the change from Freshman to Sophomore.

MARGUERITE SHAY, '19.

A WORD OF FAREWELL

There's no one who is fortunate enough to be a member of the Class of '19 failing to appreciate the fact that he has been a Sophomore—a member of one of the largest classes in Duval for almost an entire term.

It is said that we have shown a great deal of school spirit—turning out en masse to all the games, basket ball, football and baseball. But yet a few days and we part—as Sophomores 'tis true—but also to come together as Juniors! We're all glad to go higher but

sorry to have the old ties broken; sorry to lose the English teacher who teaches Sophs only, and others of the staff of teachers with whom we're just becoming acquainted. And while the new ties formed will be pleasant the thoughts of old friends still linger with us and with the poet we feel we shall "long for the touch of the vanished hand."

ELIZABETH DEAVER.

"THE SENIOR"

Oh see the worthy Seniors,
With their caps and gowns galore;
We seem to bear them envy,
And yet we must adore.

The way they've struggled upward,
The battles they have won;
In the tasks they have encountered,
And the work that they have done.

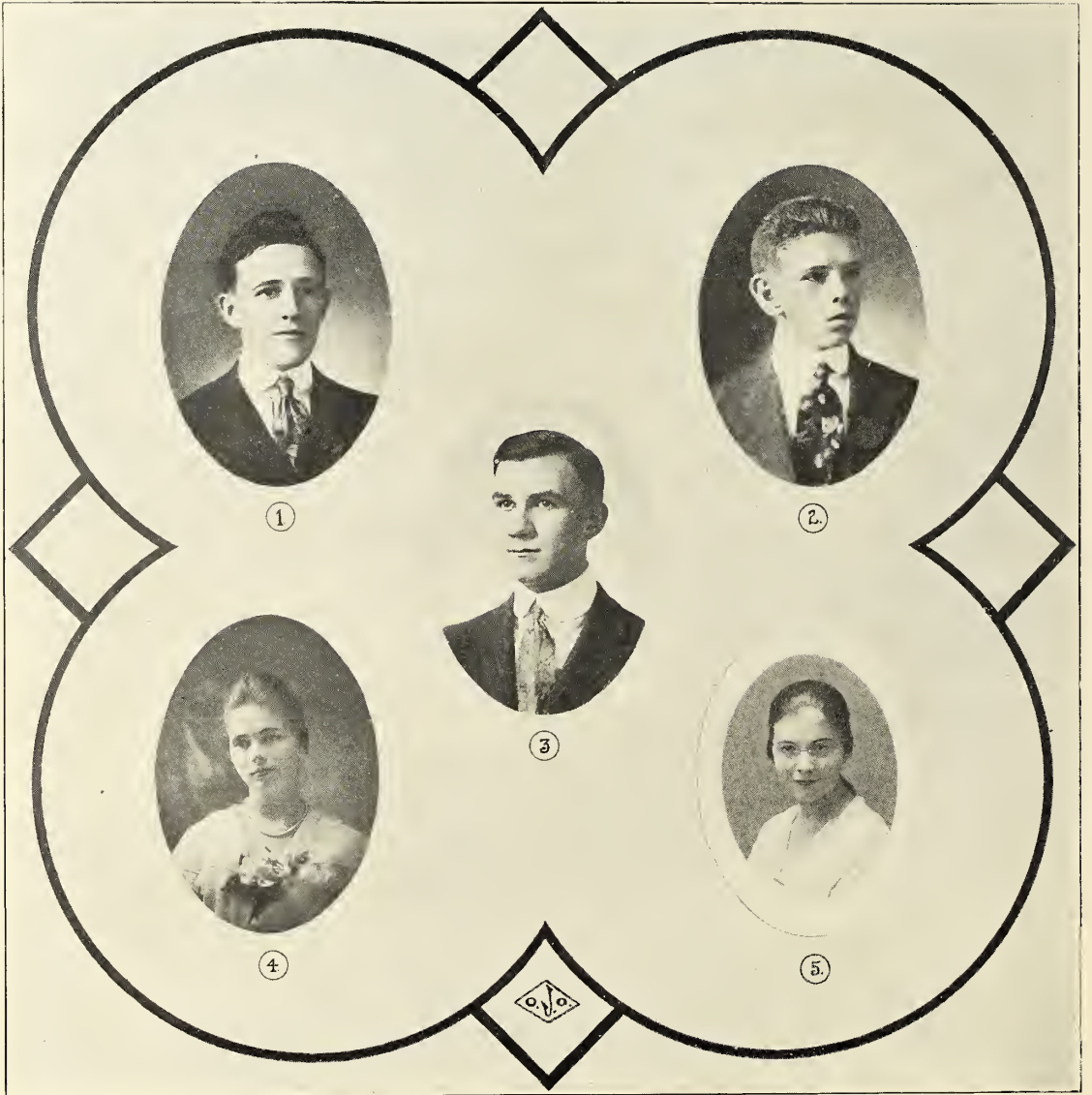
Of how they've climbed the ladder,
By struggles in the past;
And now they have reached a lofty rung,
They are Seniors now at last.

Soon they enter worldly pathways,
Take their stations in the land;
And early old Duval's colors,
With a firm and steady hand.

Bring glory to their school,
Give honor to her name;
In service to their country,
In the glory of her fame.

OTIS BRASS.

FRESHMAN CLASS OFFICERS



1. James Boyd, Vice-President
2. Jno. Norris, Secretary

3. Eugene Griffin, President

4. Nettie Mae Webster, Treasurer
5. Charlotte Perry, Mascot

FRESHMAN ORACLE STAFF



Martha Smith, Walter Kersey, Isabel Brantley, George Baya, Elizabeth Baker, Herman Parker, Jr.

In the Land of Flowers

MARY LEBARON.

In our own woods, within walking distance of the heart of the city, there lie all unnoticed save by a few, a marvelous wealth of flowers and birds, a thousand beauties to delight the heart of the Nature lover.

To one who knows the joyous thrill of finding a bird or flower unknown to him, who knows the quiet, uplifting companionship of trees, Nature reveals her most hidden treasures, and lifts the veil from her most sacred secrets. To him she whispers where to find the rarest, earliest flowers; Why the Blazing Star loves the swamp; and where to find the ghostlike Indian Pipe. To him she shows the variety, beauty, and wonder of the changing seasons, revealing the presence of some higher, awe-inspiring, nameless thing that is ever felt but never seen.

Even as the promise is as beautiful as the fulfillment, so the delicate thrilling awakening of Spring is as wonderful as the full, throbbing life of Summer; for the spirit of the Spring is a promise, that of the Summer, a fulfillment of the promise. Who can hear the first glad call of the kinglet, see the deepening green of the leaf buds, smell the rich cleanness of fresh-turned earth, or feel in the atmosphere that subtle, indescribable quality which is the very spirit of the Springtime, without rejoicing in the wonder of the promise? The living tangible expression of this elusive spirit is the violet, the most charming, appealing flower of the shadowy woodland. Peeping shyly, happily forth from the sunkissed shelter of the thicket, it rejoices in the fresh, clear air and the faintly stirring life of the Spring world, or listens in rapt silence to the happy little call of the black-capped chickadee, who has paused, in his leisurely journey northward, to explore the tree tops. By March the thickets and pine groves are blue with violets, the rich wet lowlands and edges of ponds are white with violets. On the tiny islands far down in the heart of the swamp where the sunbeams seldom flicker across the black, still pools grows the swamp violet with its heart-shaped sawtoothed leaves and blue petals faintly veined with purple. Its color blends well with the yellow tipped, curious spikes of the large-leaved, water loving golden club; and together they rejoice in the great, dim swamp where the bird calls echo wildly. Out on the edge of the swamp, and in most unapproachable wet places grows the sweet white violet, a tiny flower with purple streaked lower petal and rounded, light green leaves, the only fragrant wild violet, whose sweetness could be shared with all other violets and never missed by the giver. Growing among the long, dead grasses on the edge of ponds, and often beside the sweet white violet, is the lance-leaved violet whose long, narrow leaves, slender stems, and wide flung petals distinguish it from the sweet white violet. Often two or three kinds of violets are found growing side by side, and the dark uneven leaves and rich deep purple of the piney woods violet is found lifting its wide petals a foot above the fragrant brown needles beneath the evergreen singing pines, yet only a few feet from the white violets growing in the wet hollows.

In the warm thickets sheltered from the chill March winds grows the short-stemmed heart leaved woodland violet with wide, pale lilac petals,—a dreamer of dreams.

With the violet blossoms in bright profusion another flower, the yellow jessamine, whose narrow-leaved, strong stemmed vines make bowers of luxurious beauty on the shrubs and lower branches of trees in the thickets. The gold of the trumpet-shaped flowers, offering in vain their poison nectar, seems like imprisoned sunlight; and the tropical fragrance that perfumes the air bewitches the mocking bird into bursts of wild rapturous melody, and lures every wanderer to a wonderland of flowers.

While the jessamines still glory in the warm sunlight, the dogwood trees down in the cool shade of moist woodlands have begun to put out their tiny flowers, protected by the four heavily veined, white, so-called petals, each of which is notched at the tip. Before the pale green leaves burst the buds, each tree has become a bower of white blossoms brightening the shady woods with its beauty. Yet this wild levelness is its own enemy, for since the automobiles have left no place sacred from the grasping thoughtlessness of the twentieth century, the dogwood is being carried away by the cartloads and rapidly destroyed. Great branches are lopped off the tops of trees three or four inches in diameter are borne away, to be admired one moment, the next, thrown away; while the woods for weeks are torn and bare. In a few more years, perhaps ten, perhaps twenty, dogwood now far from abundant, will have become a tradition of native woods untouched by man.

The dogwood yet blooms in the lowlands, the fragrance of a few last jessamines fills the air, and the violets nod to the tiny purple bells across the ditch, when the rich green grass-like leaves of the wild Easter lily that have grown in the rich swamp muck all winter send up slender white buds, flushed at the tips with the rose of the dawn. One day the world seems gray and dreary, still held in the chill clutch of Winter; the next morning the sun shines with a life-giving warmth, and the woods have become a fairyland of shimmering, lacy green, with beckoning gleams of brighter color, and alluring bird-calls. And so, one day, the swamp seems dark and silent; the next it has been transformed into exquisite beauty. Here, there, everywhere, nod lilies pure as the white clouds of midsummer, fragrant with the breath of Spring; dancing in the light breeze, or standing reverently still; seeming to dream of things purer than the things of this earth, and to give out inaudible music. So too, do those of the uplands, dancing with the violets, or listening to the chanting of the pines.

A little later, when the delicate colors of early Spring deepened into fuller life, the blue-flags begin to show the purple tips of buds. On the edges of swamps where the broad sunlight falls clear and full, the innumerable green blades are hidden by the purple of countless flowers. From the sunlight, the warm air, the cool waters, and the rich mud, and something else that surrounds and fills them all,

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Nature has made her own royal purple, and with it has perfected one of the most exquisitely formed flowers. The three narrow, upstanding lilac sepals, the three broad, recurved purple petals deeply veined, dusted with golden pollen, form a flower unequalled in beauty; and generous hearted Nature has crowned the margin of every pond, swamp, and stream with glowing wonderful color.

The rich uplands, with their dancing shadows, golden sunlight, and shining green are the favorite haunts of the pink azelea. The fairies' flower is this with its woodland fragrance, delicate color, slender throat, and graceful, clustered beauty; each flower of the cluster looking outward on a different world of loveliness filled with whispering boughs, and leaves playing perchance with a golden butterfly. Very precious is this rare flower that seems to belong to the air rather than the earth; yet plucking the cluster does not hurt it, for each Spring it comes up again from the roots; but the woods fires set by thoughtless persons burn down the slender new branches just as they begin to bloom, and often kill the roots. The pink azelea is not the only flower injured by fire, for many smaller flowers, no less lovely because they are not large, are burned, and do not bloom until the next Spring; Old trees are scarred, young trees killed or given a year's set back, and it is many weeks before the woods put out new green.

When at last the new growth has removed and covered the last scars, the Cherokee rose puts out its sprays of dark green, saw-toothed leaves, and then in the white moonlight unfolds the pure petals of its flowers to disclose the bright treasure of the center. All of the moonlight, the soft night air, and the sounds and silences that are music this flower seems to be, and, when the chuck-wills-widow calls in the dusk of evening, along old fences and forgotten lanes its gleaming petals startle like a half seen vision. Then, in a night, the shining petals are shed, and the Cherokee rose becomes only a vine, trailing, thorny, beautiful.

While the rose dreams its beautiful life away in the shadow of ancient trees, the bright sun entices forth on every lawn and roadside its own beloved flower, the dandelion. The flower of childhood it is, this happy, golden, dreaming sun-worshipper, the flower of happy childhood, of a world filled with fairies and elves, alluring, golden dreams, and bright hopes. Its very name is a magic word that calls up bright pictures of sunny, dew-gemmed lawns enriched with golden treasure, and merry, carefree children gathering dandelions. What matter if they wilt and die? So, too, do the dreams and childish beliefs but they are none the less golden and beautiful while they live. In after years one has but to look at the bright flowers to be once more transported to the land of fancy, a land of color, fragrance, and music, far more real than the world of reality.

This dream flower belongs to the Spring, but before it has quite faded away, the Spring has merged imperceptibly into Summer, the promise has become the fulfillment, and the wild rose, first flower of summer, blooms. It is a perfect promise, fragile, alluring; a wonderful fulfillment, the very essence of the high throbbing hope and exulting life of early Summer. The spirit of the woods it is, filled with a perfect strength and beauty, flushed with the superb joy of life. It is only a small flower with

five pink petals opened wide to welcome the warm sunlight to the gold of its heart; but in one's dreams it becomes one of the few dearest flowers, and often times a loved dream face looks out of it, smiles, and fades again into the flower.

Not dreaming but alive and awake is the trumpet vine, whose bright coral flowers nod and beckon from the tips of new sprays, far out from the trunk of the tree on which it climbs, high up from the tangled growth of the earth. Shining orange without, red velvet within, perfect trumpets, they seem not silent, but with voices that are heard perhaps by trees and butterflies. They love the rich shade of the woods and seem ever to grow on the river bank where they can look, now and again, between the trees at the broad, mighty river, and listen to the sound of its wavelets on the shore.

When the straight brown cattails stand soldier-like on the margin of every marsh, Summer has reached at last its rich beauty, its humming life, its perfect fulfillment; and the blazing star blooms, lifting its great crimson petals head high among the willows and myrtles of the gorgeous teeming swamps. It is the heart of the swamp, the great, warm, red heart of Nature herself, just as is the redbird, who lives in the cool secret shades, whose bright color flashes all the more brightly among the varying, luxurious green. Just as beautiful as are the flowers in their gorgeous, tropic brilliance, are the leaves of dark shining green, each divided into five uneven, deepcut parts, each on a long, slender stem. Yet the leaves of the pink hibiscus are even more beautiful, lighter green, not so deepcut, and of the richest smoothest velvet. Large plants are these, the pink hibiscus, growing locally in countless numbers in the marshes; and on each tall plant are four or five great flowers, colored a light pink, sometimes almost white, each one partially cupped with a long, pollen dusted pistil, and a crimson heart. In all Nature there can be nothing more vividly beautiful than these our largest wild flowers blooming in myriads among the luxurious plants and the long, yellow marsh grass, in the background of the swamp a few blazing stars, under the dazzling sun of July. Beside them and among them, grows another pink hibiscus, similar in all things, yet not one third the size, and, perhaps because of this, seeming more flower-like and dainty.

Just a little farther away, where the marsh merges into the creek, and the creek flows into the river, the yellow pond lily blooms among its small pads floating on the muddy waters. The flower is purest gold, many petals, and many stamens of brightest yellow, that must be not of the mud and water, but of the clear hot air and August sunshine. Only to the earliest morning do they reveal their wealth of brightness, for the heat of the day sees them all tightly closed. About the same time the white water lily blossoms,—the cause of many a school boy's undesired wetting, the treasure of a few the delight of all. It always grows just out of reach from the shore, in the deepest darkest waters; yet it is one of the fairest flowers that grow, so gleaming white, so nymph like in its grace, that one half believes it is a water sprite peeping out of the secret depths to vanish in an instant.

By now the hyacinths that have floated out of the wild, lovely creeks into the wide river, begin to bloom. The great sun and the great water combine to form a lovely flower, more fragile than the gauze

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wings of the mosquito hawk; colored with the lilac of evening shadows, the blue of the midday sky, and the gold of the sunbeams; clustered together for love floating dreamily on the silent mystic depths.

It fades away at last into the air from which it came, and the gorgeous Summer, too, with its vivid colors, intense, life-giving heat, and ceaseless joyous music. Summer that yet lacks something of the delicate, airy fragrance of the Spring,—fades away in a wild, yellow sunset that signals on the equinoctial storms of fall. There comes in the air a festival spirit of completion and triumph, and the woods take on the Autumn purple and gold. The Goldenrod, our National Flower,—and well chosen it is in its plenty and beauty and yellow of victory,—covers the fields and the open woods with a bright mantle that reflects the sunbeams and fills the woods with an enchanting light. When massed together, goldenrod makes an inspiring view and each separate spray, tall and straight has a sturdy strength and independence, that in the soldier-like confidence, symbolizes the people of the Nation. Intermingled with it is the purple, long, waving sprays, flat heads, and heavy spikes, and the airy graceful purple gerardia. Then in the wetter places the sunflowers burst into bloom. Myriad upon myriad they dance in the clear autumn light, sending out their message of hearty cheer and goodwill, brightening the world with their joy in life.

The spirit of Autumn in its holiday mood, with riot of color and countless flowers, takes form in the tiger lily, whose orange, brown spotted petals reflect the wild, brilliant sunsets, and the brown of the woods preparing for Winter, and whose yellow pollen proclaims the triumph of Nature. It is a graceful flower, nodding at the tip of a slender, leafy stem, and has a large deep cup, formed of six narrow, recurved petals, that hold the brightness of the year.

In time the tiger lilies wither, the sunflowers give us their cheer, the goldenrod fades, and, for a day, the air is thick with its winged seeds; then, when the atmosphere has become crystal clear, with

a stirring wintry hint of cold, the asters are the only flowers that brighten the woods, fast changing from green to red and brown and gold. Then, these too, pass away, and for days and weeks the air is hazy purple, the woods are silent, all sounds are subdued and mellow, all things seem dreamy and far away. In the softened unreal atmosphere, the Spring, and the Summer, and the Autumn seem alike myriad colored dreams too bright to be true, and become mellowed with the soft glow of the past. Then in a sudden whirl the leaves come down in a mass of vivid color, and the woods become gray and drear and silent, it is then that the rare India pipe springs up to startle one in cool, shadowy woodland depths. The ghost of all the flowers is this strange little flower that returns to haunt for a time the scenes that were so bright. It is only a few inches high, cold, waxy white, tinged with faint pink, with tiny, bract-like white leaves clasping the stem, and a bent waxen pipe head. Only a moment it lingers, yet it seems loath to leave the earth for the land of spirit flowers.

Winter at last reigns over the woods yet even now the flowers are not all gone; for the Partridge Berry or Kinnikinnick, which was unnoticed when larger, brighter flowers filled the woods, begins to bloom. Tiny flowers it has, four petaled, fuzzy surfaced, tinged with pink, and having a wild sweetness more pleasing than the fragrance of the rose. The charm of this little dark leaved vine that hugs the warm earth so closely lies in its bright red two eyed berries that peep merrily from among the pine needles. It is a sturdy little pioneer, reaching ever out into new soil, making it good for the gayer flowers.

Thus it is that Nature fulfils her promise and gives the charm that enhances the beauty of things that are beyond recall. Thus it is that in her own way and her own time she reveals her secrets of life and makes the world, even for those who do not observe, a world of life and beauty, and for those who do, a world of infinite wonder.

Natural Living

ALFRED OGRAM.

Life and work in a natural environment must have its effect upon our whole being—our character, our health, our morals, our ideals—everything. It is here that we have a chance to develop our qualities. But where are we to find this environment? Certainly not in the crowded cities where our souls, our thoughts, our lives are pushed down, and crushed, and sapped by the artificiality of Man. No, it cannot be there. It must be out where our souls can get in tune with the universe—where we can establish the relation that exists between our Creator and ourselves.

As man began life in a garden, he has been obliged to go back to gardens to find his life as well as his living. Bacon said, "God Almighty made the first garden." And it is in the garden that we are in closest touch with the Divine. No one with a sensitive soul can move among these beautiful mysteries without being thrilled; without feeling a sense of the Divine; without feeling

reverence and worship for the powers that build the beauty of the world. Out of the clod springs a blossom; from the dust, a lily—truly a resurrection to remind us of our own immortality. Thus the man who makes a garden with a proper appreciation of its meaning and its possibility joins himself in a beautiful and immortal fellowship, and a divine partnership. So we see that Nature is the mean between God and Man. Emerson compares it to "a differential thermometer, detecting the presence or absence of the divine sentiment in Man."

There is another side: is there no more to life than making money? Have we no other interests here than to slave our lives away in the hurrying, crowded, narrow city, away from our natural environment, for the sake of a few paltry coins? You all know the "Mighty Dollar" is the greatest curse of our country today. Have we not other things of greater importance to think about? Have we not our children as well as ourselves? Someone has

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said, "At whatever cost, take your children and yourself into the country—get away from the noises, the stores, the microbes, the dullness. Let your children see the sky—the wonderful ever-changing picture that Nature spreads before her children." There are no street corners in the garden or on the farm. You have plenty of out-door life and plenty of rich, nourishing food—both so essential to the growing child. And there still remains the best of all—the very glory of it.

Nor do we need to go to Switzerland, or Egypt, or Italy to find this glory. Emerson says, "There is nothing so wonderful in any particular landscape, as the necessity for being beautiful under which every landscape lies. Nature cannot be surprised in undress. Beauty breaks in everywhere." The great difference is not in the landscapes so much as in the beholder. The material is never far off.

We have as good farm sites in Florida as in Canada; in Duval County as in Marion. Anyone that is acquainted with the soils of Duval County knows that the same crops that have made other sections of the State Famous can be grown in this immediate section. With proper application, celery, lettuce, berries, and all sorts of truck as well as staples can be grown here with good profit. It has already been done on a small scale—we have only to extend operations. There is a limit to trading in the city, but there is no limit to agriculture and stock raising.

There are many people who have always wanted to own a quiet little place in the country and live the remainder of their lives with peace and rest in the bosom of Nature. Yet for some reason or other they have never quite gotten there. They have our deepest sympathies, yet you must remember that some of the worst things in the world have been done with good intentions. "The law of Nature is, do the thing and you shall have the power; but they who do not the thing have not the power." Obstacles do not exist where you would not have them. Life is not a competition with others; it is a strug-

gle with ourselves. So, if we would have our little Eden, let us have it of all things.

We have our intentions; now let us push forward to the reality. It will take work—yes, hard work—and perseverance, and study; but if we have our determination we must succeed. With that, and Duval soil, and the Federal Loan Fund, we are prepared to withstand a siege from the whole financial world. Did you ever hear of a single failure of an industrious, determined farmer? But can you enumerate the many failures of business men? Hundreds of thousands of dollars, probably millions, have been recorded as losses in mercantile and business failures in Jacksonville alone. If those same amounts of money had been expended in cultivating lands of this County, or in raising poultry, hogs, or cattle, could the losses have been anywhere nearly as large or as complete? It is impossible—no, preposterous.

One more point. The world is depending on America to feed her during the present crisis. We must do our part and we must not wait for others to lead the way. We have never been "laggers" and we must not be now. Perhaps some of us do not believe in the existing state of affairs. Nevertheless the world must be fed during war as well as during peace. And we have only to hope that by supplying the needs of our Allies in their championship of Democracy, through this awful crisis, we shall henceforth have the peaceful world of our ideals, with its inhabitants peaceful, Nature-loving people like unto ourselves.

So let us go back to the soil: that we may do our part in the world's fight for Democracy; that we may benefit ourselves, our children, our community, our country, and all humanity; that we may bring eternal peace to the world; that we may be away from the crowded city; that we may lead better lives—physically, intellectually, and morally; and, above all, that we may live closer to our Creator by living the way that He intended we should live in the midst of the very things that He created.

Life's Jewel: Today

LUCILLE O. WELLS.

The plaintive chirps from half-drowsy birds, fluttering among the rustling leaves, the pale glimmer of a dying star, the wee streaks of amber that, crowning the glowing East, leap heavenward, flood the firmament with oriental gems from the chalice of the morning all announce the birth of Dawn. The flowery kingdom in obeisance nods its graceful head, as frolicsome Apollo plays hide-and-seek with the shadows, and bedecks all nature with myriad diamonds.

This day so gayly, perfectly ushered in, is God's most sacred gift. Shall we mar it with deceptions, frowns, or defile its pure breath with unholy selfish deeds? Rather let us guard it as the jewel that it is; make up our minds to enjoy our food, our work, our play—to-day, at least. There is no happiness, except today's, for our tomorrows are still in God's hand and our yesterdays He has taken back. We can do anything if only we attack life in detail, not let it mass against us. No man however beset by obstacles and hemmed in by adverse circum-

stances, has ever been overwhelmed until he first surrendered the citadel of his own will. The real cause of every defeat is self-distrust. Courage, let's finish our small task manfully. We do not have to live this life of ours all at once, only a day of it at a time. Let not the past benumb us with remorse. Let us forget its septic qualities and retain its lessons of wisdom. Let us utilize its experiences, making of these elements of present power. Today is ours, to use as we will. Shall we waste a single one of those golden moments given us to improve? Come, let's welcome its rebuffs, for only through struggles are our characters ennobled. We will enjoy its pleasures, though they be ever so simple. We can rise by stepping on our dead selves, for every morning we are born again. Whatever difficulties await us, whatever temptations are to be met, the best preparation is an "unafraid of" today. In no better way can we meet the poison gases of our foe, the Future, its apprehensions, premonitions, worries, than by discharging faithfully

today's duties. Today let's put away our pestering thoughts. Ere we judge another harshly let us look beyond the cruel surface. We should love each other better if we only understood the cares and trials, the efforts all in vain. Would the grim external roughness seem, I wonder, just the same?

As the evening shadows gather and the pastel shades hold sway, may our hearts in unison cry,

"We have lived and loved today." May each succeeding day be more perfect than the last, so when our soul's sunset spans the bar of life, oh grant our treasures may be Life's Jewel—"Today," filled to overflowing with noble deeds, simply performed and cheerfully given. Thus may we return to God, the life He gives us, each day perfectly lived, so that we may enter the Eternal Perfect Day with rejoicing

Leaves From the Diary of Susannah Witherspoon

MAY GRADICK

Sunday Evening, Nov. 15, 1711.

Little diary, this has been a beautiful warm Sunday! This morning we all drove to church—Father, Mother, Claire, the twins, Uncle Dick and I.

When we were seated in our high-backed pew, I glanced across the aisle at Bob and Kitty Harding. Both girls looked charming in new dresses of blue taffeta with silver trimmings. And—there was a boy with them whom I had never seen before! At the close of the service, I hurried over to talk to Bob and Kitty. They introduced me to their cousin, John Harding, who had just come over from England. He is a tall, handsome boy about twenty-one. We talked a long while as we always do after church; finally, I turned away, promising to meet them at the ball, tomorrow night.

Squire and Mrs. Andrews and little Dorothy came home with us for dinner. It rained all the afternoon, so I spent most of my time playing with Dorothy, a very undignified occupation for a young lady of eighteen—but I don't care! Dorothy can't talk very plainly yet, and she calls me "Thuthan," for Susannah.

Wednesday night, Nov. 19, 1711.

I missed writing in you for two whole days, didn't I, diary? I was so busy; please excuse me.

We were up bright and early Monday morning for a fox hunt. Sunday's rain had washed the world all sweet and clean, and the early morning air was delightful. There were about twelve of us in all. Father was there wearing his riding frock of drab broadcloth with gilt buttons, and riding his favorite roan, Ajax. Claire and Tom Webb rode side by side. Claire's dove-colored habit set off her brown hair and blue eyes wonderfully. I started out with Uncle Dick and several other gentlemen.

Oh, and I have the prettiest new riding habit! Don't tell anyone, little diary, but I really looked right pretty as I stood before my pier glass! I hope I'm not getting very vain but that scarlet color just suits me.

At the blast of Father's horn, we were off, the hounds well ahead of us. For a while we rode straight ahead in a northeasterly direction. Suddenly came a clear note—the scent was found. Father, Uncle Dick and I, who were in the lead, circled to the right, several others following us. Tom and Claire rode to the left, but the fox doubled and the dogs lost the scent. Whimpering the hounds hunted and hunted until at last they found it. Tom raised his hand and gave the view-hallo. Out of the woods, I dashed and then—I saw the dogs with the fox! the hunt was over.

When we came home, I practiced for a while on my harpsicord. After dinner, I studied a little with father, then I went upstairs to get ready for the ball.

This was the first time I had ever been to a governor's ball and I was very much excited—and I still am. We were to stay with Governor Spottswood until Tuesday.

At four o'clock we set out. All the darkies from the quarters watched us go. From the porch, the twins enviously waved good-bye to us. After a long but pleasant ride, we drove up the tree-lined way and just at dusk we alighted at the governor's mansion. This was a large rambling house much like our own except that it was built of brick instead of wood. Governor and Mrs. Spottswood came out with a warm welcome for Colonel Witherspoon and his family.

There was a great crowd at supper. The long table stretched nearly the whole length of the large old-fashioned dining-room. This table was loaded with all kinds of good things to eat. Groaning with its viands in beautiful silver and sparkling glass dishes, it surpassed anything I had ever seen before, and the Witherspoon hospitality is well known, too!

I know I'm telling everything in a very confused manner, but little diary, I can't help it, I'm so excited, Still!

Think of it, I wore my hair powdered for the very first time! And John Harding paid me the nicest compliment!

But wait a minute, I haven't said a word about my dress. It was yellow satin, hooped over a pink petticoat. The bodice, of course was close fitting and my girdle was silver, and I wore silver slippers with the highest heels! I wore great-great-grandmother Witherspoon's pearl necklace which mother gave me on my last birthday. It always comes down to the "Susannah" in the family. For once, I was glad because of my queer, old-fashioned name.

The great hall of the mansion was cleared for the ball; bayberry candles burned brightly in the old candelabra; the darkies played their fiddles as they had never played before; and I danced and danced and danced! Minuet, quadrille, or anything. I never seemed to lack a partner.

John Harding led me out for the first minuet. He was splendidly dressed in satin with the finest point de Venice lace at his wrists, and he wore a sword jeweled with blood-red rubies. Of course all the men were dressed in the customary velvet and lace but I noticed him more particularly.

THE ORACLE

Claire looked beautiful in a blue satin dress with gold girdle and slippers. Kitty and Bob (would you ever guess that they had regular names like Katharine and Roberta) wore light green tafetta dresses.

Oh, yes! John Harding said that I was the most beautiful girl at the ball! Of course, he didn't mean it, but it was nice of him to say it, wasn't it, little diary?

Saturday, Nov. 21.

For three days now we have had cold weather—ice and snow—real winter, indeed. Claire and I had Uncle Mose hunt out two old sleds for us this afternoon. And throwing dignity to the wind, Kitty, Bob, John, Tom, Claire, Ben and Chester Hazleton and I went coasting down Witherspoon's Hill! And what a time we did have!

Tuesday, Dec. 8.

Father has just come from Jamestown. He brought me a letter and a package from Frances Campbell of Charleston. The package was a Christmas present for me which she sent early because the packet wasn't going to make another trip before Christmas. She wrote me a long letter telling me all about her balls and parties, pretty dresses and nice boy-friends.

Wednesday, Dec. 16.

The most exciting thing has happened! Claire and Tom Webb are engaged! They are going to be married on New Year's Eve! I am going to be so busy getting ready for the wedding and for Christmas, I won't have much time to write. Forgive me, little diary.

December 23.

Today, we all went out with Uncle Mose and Pete to get the greens to decorate the house for Christmas.

Every family portrait in the hall, the balustrades of the wide staircase, the old clock, the mantel, every high-boy in the house, everything from cellar to attic is decorated with Christmas finery.

This afternoon we trimmed the church just as prettily as we knew how. When we finished that, we all went skating on the pond.

Christmas Eve.

This morning, mother and I went to take some food and clothing to several poor families not far away; we always try to remember that Christmas means giving to those who are in real need as well as to our friends.

Father came home tonight from another trip to

Jamestown, and guess who was with him? Brother Dick! We were all so surprised and glad for he had been away at college in England such a long time. I'm happy, happy, happy, but I must jump into my four-poster and go to sleep right now!

December 26.

Christmas is over, oh, but such a Christmas! The twins woke me bright and early calling "Christmas Gift" at my door. Hurrying down stairs, I found the twins very much excited over a great many packages which they could not open until everyone came down. At last, all were downstairs. We exchanged many happy Christmas greetings and looked at all our presents before we went to breakfast.

After breakfast, we gathered around the great log fire while Father read prayers, reverently thanking the kind Father above for His tender care. Then away we scurried to dress for church.

We heard a beautiful sermon in a beautiful church and I began to realize more clearly the meaning of Christmas.

And what a dinner we did have! Aunt Cora is a good cook, and with two or three girls from the quarters to help her, she fairly outdid herself.

After dinner, we went down to the quarters and took some presents to every slave. Their black faces gleamed with delight at our kindness. Well, little diary, I, Susannah Witherspoon, had a wonderful Christmas, one which I will never forget.

January 1, 1712.

Yes, Tom and Claire were married last night. A simpler, more beautiful wedding I have never seen. Claire was all in white from the top of her head to the tip of her toe. She never has looked lovelier! Tom, who doesn't care as much for dress as most men, was decked out in his finest high-heeled slippers with silver buckles, blue silk stockings, broad-cloth trousers, blue waist-coat, fine lace at his wrist and a carefully dressed wig.

After the wedding supper, there was a ball. We danced until the clock struck twelve, then we welcomed the New Year with shouts and songs.

There is just one thing more, little diary. I'll tell you as a deep secret, I know that you won't ever tell a soul and as this is the last page, I'll hide you safely away where no one can find you. John Harding caught me under the mistletoe in the back hall—and—and—he told me something, too. I wonder how my name would look written Susannah Witherspoon Harding! Good-night, little diary. Happy New Year.

Florida: The Archeologist's Paradise

R. PALMA WILSON

Even today, in our super-modern times, we are thrilled by mention of some "new" mummy unearthed from the heart of a Pyramid: we read, in wonder mixed with awe, of the discovery of the ruined temples, of some sun-worshipping, prehistoric race of the Andes; and we gaze in profoundest amazement at the comparatively recent work of the cliff-dwellers.

But who among you, aside from a very few, well-read individuals, know of Florida's wonders? How many can speak fluently of her underground waters, her hidden rivers, and disappearing and reappearing lakes, her boiling wells, her minor geysers, her petrified trees, her limestone cliffs, her peat fields, her mossy coquina, or her other thousand and one wonders? Who has seen her prehistoric burial

mounds laid open, and their contents uncovered, or has fingered the tiger-teeth of a necklace therein. Few indeed, I say; but those few have a valued possession, in the form of knowledge of her wonders and experience in their charm.

From the title of this subject one might properly assume that I intend to treat only of the archeological aspects of the theme. But it were well-nigh impossible to treat of any phase of Florida's physical geography, her natural formations, her topography, or her geology and fauna, without at least touching on some of the other. So to the best of my ability, I will treat this topic from a geological, geographical, archeological, and geodetic standpoint. That is, to treat of her formation, her history, as her soil reveals it,—her prehistoric inhabitants, and her present-day peculiarities.

Florida, so our geographies taught us, was of coral formation. No natural convulsion, upheaval, or sedimentation produced her. Instead, she had slowly been built up from sea bottom by the ceaseless toil of the little polyps, emerging from the sea as a barren reef, little by little the sand had gained a foothold on her; then seeds dropped by fowls, had sprouted, taken root, and flourished; in the course of which slow process Florida developed. Thus, these early geographers calmly ignored the most striking facts in Florida's formation, facts which to them were inexplicable, and led us to believe that Florida was nothing but a lowly, arid and sterile region, diversified only by swamp and sand, swamp and sand.

But intelligent people could not for any length of time accept such a theory; scientists began to think that a mission detailed for exploration in Florida would reveal new and startling facts. So in 1886, Heilprin, after research work all over the State, published his volume, in which he declared his firm belief that the whole State belonged exclusively to the Tertiary and Post-Tertiary Periods; and that it emphatically was not of coral formation. In so doing, he but voiced the reasonings of a large number of scientists, who had come to believe that Florida would some day be the scene of startling disclosures. So we find that Florida is the resultant, not of concretion, but of Nature's rough hands; that Mother Earth, not Father Neptune, cradled her.

Of course, since Heilprin advanced his tentative theories, many great and important steps in this direction have been taken. The United States Geological survey has furthered the course of science, but they have never done justice to the State in exploiting the geographical possibilities of its formations. It remained for this to be done, in the course of their work, by phosphate companies, but under their disunited efforts, there was no organization. But with the creation of a State Geological Survey and Society, the work was thereupon unified and facilitated, specimens were properly cared for and listed, and private individuals gladly lent the aid of their knowledge and efforts in furthering its course.

Under this society, all the knowledge of well-posted individuals throughout the State was collected and assembled, data was accumulated and sorted, and statistics concerning artesian well flow, fossilology, phosphate strata, peat fields, clay-subsoils, streams and lakes were gathered. The survey is a source of trustworthy information, and if Floridians

would but realize it, the finest advertisement we have. It is now issuing annuals, reports, pamphlets, and other information on demand, and it is a pity Northern and Western investors would not buy their land, acting upon knowledge gained from their perusal, instead of succumbing to their wily "Kansas City" land sharks' blandishments.

The State may be roughly divided into the artesian water section (Northeastern), and the phosphate strata section (Western). Nothing definite can really be said of the geological structure of this State; one new discovery leads to another, which in turn explodes the previous one. It will require years of careful, conscientious scientific research, to reveal the full truth of Florida's creation, and subsequent development and history. This much, however, we may say with certainty, that our State is very, very old; that many races of varying intelligence and stamina have inhabited the peninsula, and that only investigation will determine their age and period of existence. I have mentioned the above two natural divisions of Florida, as being those which would most necessarily determine themselves; but recent discoveries on the East Coast lead to the conclusion that the center of interest has shifted from the phosphate field to the home-seeker's haven—Southeast Florida. However, I will treat of these later and will take up first archeological and geological activity in the phosphate section.

Here investigation has been mainly along the line of search for, and preservation of, fossil remains—and mostly of animals. The work may be roughly divided into three parts—the exploitation of the so-called "Indian mounds," the collection of animal remains, and the collection and classification of marine remains. Aside from this, there is the question of the strange lakes, which dry up, and blossom forth, at regular and irregular intervals; the eager search for oil; and the spreading prairies of peat.

The first part of the main division, the investigation of Indian mounds, is interesting in its way, but does not demand an exhaustive account, for they do not pertain to prehistoric man. Those mounds, which have proven fruitful, have yielded up numbers of pieces of pottery; well-preserved skeletal human remains, weapons and numerous implements and odds and ends. They indicate that these mounds were the burial piles of the race that immediately preceded the people who inhabited Florida at the time of its discovery. As a consequence (although to one interested in this phase of scientific research they are well nigh priceless) they constitute only a side issue.

The collection of many animal and marine fossils was early rendered rather expeditious by the work of the mines, as many companies gladly contributed all their finds to the State. Among these fossils we may list the limonite remains of our present-day mammalian species of fauna, many marine deposits, and not a few human fossils (though recent), with amphibious and aqueous fossils. We may note here, for the sake of interest, the mastodon, crocodile, manatee and flying reptiles, as contributing a representative list of the fossils. It would be interesting and profitable to dwell for a long time on a description of this phase of the limestone strata of West Florida; but I have not the space here. I will list for your benefit those counties

where phosphate mines are most generally operated, and which therefore, constitute the section of interest under this discussion. They are, roughly speaking, and noting from South to North—Hernando, Citrus, Sumter, Levy, Marion, Lafayette, Alachua, Taylor, Suwanee and Columbia Counties.

The question of the existence of oil in Florida has long engaged the interest of men, who are willing to support their theories to the extent of drilling costly wells in search for the "Magic Elixir." The geological structure of Florida is such that the presence of a commercial amount of oil is very likely to exist in many places. It has been well said that the discovery of oil is rendered more certain by a working knowledge of the geology of the section in question. Therefore the State Geological Survey has interested itself in this matter, and is now issuing much valuable information free to oil-seekers. The same may be said of its work in forwarding the earnest search for gas wells.

In the gradual course of Florida's submergencies and emergencies forests have been converted into peat bogs, which now present to the eye the appearance of only level prairies. Peat is being prepared and marketed in at least one point in the State.

But what has always charmed and held the traveler has been the great number of lakes and hills in Florida's far-famed lake country. Here one tops hill after hill, in gently rolling succession, to note lake after lake, set like living gems in the embrace of the dogwood-live oak-magnolia-clad hills. In my time I have heard people go into ecstasies of rapture over Ireland's sword-decked hills, or Scotland's lakes, but for my part I can sit you down in a certain section of the lake country, whose beauty has never been equaled, if surpassed. Give this beauty a hint of mystery, and you have a perfect spot and ideal conditions. The air of mystery may be said to be the lakes' characteristic of drying themselves, or rather, draining, at regular and irregular periods, in the different cases, remaining dry for the season, for a number of years, or for our length of knowledge, and in certain instances, of again filling. They appear to empty themselves by the agency of a "sink," which is a usually non-active trap or hole. When a lake does so empty itself, it is an occasion for scores of people to congregate upon its ever-shortening banks and rake in, with hoe and rake, the thousands of stranded, gasping fish lying on every hand. Or more curiously still, there were stranded steamers, instead of stranded fish, on the bed of a lake near Orlando, when recently the lake, upon which the steamers were wont to ply, went dry. All of which leads to interesting conjecture and inquiry.

While upon this topic of lakes, one might mention the question of the underground rivers which literally honeycomb Central Western Florida. These rivers, some rise in unexpected manner and place, but usually the Gulf Coast, and take themselves a short distance to the sea, others have their source as is usual, but simply disappear into the bowels of the earth, via some limestone cave. There was the river which peacefully flowed year after year along its course until one fair day it was obsessed by the idea of ambling, and rose and walked into another county, to hide itself, only to soon come to light again in a third county. Undeniably a very chastened and metamorphosed stream. Some of these

streams are navigable, others are not. They are an existing source of pleasure to the venturesome thrill-seeker.

And now I feel obliged to take up my second topic—the artesian water section and tell why this section now constitutes two sections. The geological structure of the Eastern Coast of Florida is, largely speaking, generally the same. One may say the Northern half of this section with the addition of the adjacent interior is the artesian water section. It is in this Northern half of the Coast that the flow of water is most easily secured; perhaps if wells were drilled deeper, the Southern half would give a good flow of water. The number of wells in the upper half can hardly be computed for there are over five hundred wells alone in the City of Jacksonville, and a proportional number in smaller cities and towns. These wells are all evidences of the fact, that the deeper the depth, the greater the pressure. Perhaps pure, artesian water may be obtained in other parts of the State in the future if drilling is pushed forward to a greater depth, but as yet, this section constitutes the definite artesian water strata.

The great beds of marl, known as "coquina," which are noted first at St. Augustine, extend back into the interior to the bed of the St. Johns River, and down along the coast, to the Everglades, and are characterized by the great amount of fossil mammalian remains which have been found, which are almost exclusively Pleistocene. A wonderful discovery was made at Vero, on the East Coast, in 1913, which proved beyond a doubt that man inhabited the Western Hemisphere during the Pleistocene Age. That he did so has always been doubted and denied; but the new discovery is so indisputable that scientists have now accepted the fact. This means that man inhabited the great half-formed world when the mastodon, the dinosaur and the flying lizard, ranged its glacial fields. For a time jealous and incredulous scientists were inclined to believe that the remains fossilized into pure limonite had been introduced into the strata, where they were lying by a comparatively speaking recent burial, but every detail contribute to form an indisputable chain of proof; Nature had left the undeniable evidence.

The human fossils were found in October, 1915, by one Mr. Ayers, after considerable interest, two years before had been evoked by the discovery of vertebrate fossils near the same place, in 1913. The fossils were found, undisturbed near the edge of a drainage canal bank. They were removed in the presence of reputable witnesses, who vouched for their location and disposal. After the soil in which they were lying had been screened, several bone instruments, spawls and bits of shaped flint, and bones with man-made markings upon them, were obtained. In the same general strata at nearby points in this section were found fossil remains and evidences of the Columbian elephant, horses of many species, foxes, extinct deer, the Sloth, the American mastodon, bird bones, the far-famed, horrible, saber-toothed tiger, the tapir, the crocodile, and fish; batrachian, snake and bird bones, all of the Pleistocene Period, and in such association with the human fossils that their (the human) contemporaneity with the fauna of the Pleistocene age is demonstrated in this way alone, if other evidence were lacking, which is not. Bird bones and masto-

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don tusks were found which had marking on them clearly made by some instrument in the hands of man. In addition, certain bone implements, well-finished were brought to light upon further investigation. Some wonderfully well-preserved specimens of acorns, plant stems, plant leaves and seeds were found in the same locality. Of course the upper stratae overlying the Pleistocene line, were characterized by abundant evidence of human life, such as pieces of pottery, Indian arrow heads, bone implements and numerous small flints, sharks, a new species of dolphin, fish bones, and teeth, were uncovered in abundance, as well also many types of testudinatae (turtle remains). A stork's bones were found as well as those of a species closely related to the now extinct dodo. To summarize the number of mammal fossils found here I will mention: the opossum, the sloth, the anteater, the armadillo, many horses, the tapir, the peccary, the camel, the llama, many, many deer, the bison, the great Columbian elephant, the American mastodon, the wooly elephant, the mammoth, the water-rat, different types of rabbits, the shrew, the capybara, the otter, the saber-tooth tiger, foxes, the raccoon, the lynx, wolf, and some twenty others.

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And birds sing from treetops with all of their might;
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But all we need do is just simply to stay,
In our own brightest land,—our dear Florida.

In severing our connection with The Oracle and its many friends, we, the Business Staff, wish to express our deep appreciation to the business men of our city who have stood so faithfully by us, and who have aided us so greatly in making our High School Magazine the success it has been.

W. THOS. HUFF

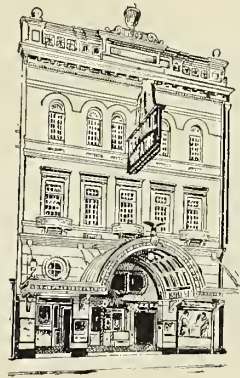
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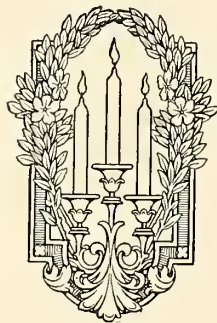
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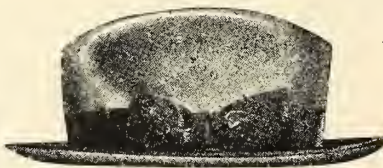
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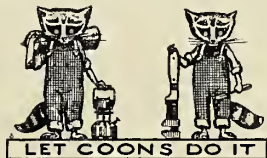
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kiss to Jonnie O'Neal.

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Leading Make of Hats *Only*

Ties, Shirts and Furnishings



The Store of Quality

"I can read minds."

"Yuh ken? Ken you read mine?"

"Certainly."

"Why don't you hit me, then?"

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Here is wishing Happiness
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Photographs

Edward's Studio

Teacher—"Well, how stupid you are, to be sure! Can't multiply 88 by 25! I'll wager that Burns can do it in no time."

Boone—"I shouldn't be surprised. They say that fools multiply very rapidly these days."

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Here's hoping for better results
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PREVENT UNNECESSARY ACCIDENTS

The employes of this Company are taking extra precautions to avoid accidents in handling cars,
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YOUR HELP

to attain the high degree of success possible
in this line of work

Humanity Demands Safety—Safety Insures Success

JACKSONVILLE TRACTION CO.

NEW VIEWS ON OLD SUBJECTS

Fresh.—“What is the Liberty Bell?”

Soph.—“The bell that rings at one o'clock.”

Morgan (to Marshall)—“You're the biggest dunce in the room.”

Prof. Wilbur—“Boys, don't forget, I'm here.”

Fresh.—“Why is Latin called a dead language?”

Soph.—“Because a man will be dead by the time he learns to speak it.”

Student (to a servant at the door)—“Miss Brown?”

Servant—“She's engaged.”

Student—“I know it. I'm what she's engaged to.”



WE ARE HEADQUARTERS *for*
Graduation *and* Wedding Bouquets

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BOTH PHONES

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Alpine New York State Canned Vegetables

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THE WORD THAT BEST LABELS OUR
FOOTWEAR STYLES



Golden's Bootery

"LEADERS OF FOOT FASHIONS"
10 WEST FORSYTH ST.

Fresh.—"I haven't slept for ten days."

Soph.—"S'matter, sick?"

Fresh.—"No! I sleep nights now."

Tickle Your Palate

By buying Sandwiches, Lunches and
all Delicacies at

Byrd's

Delicatessen and Bakery

13 Main Street

Phone 1242

Soph.—"Prof. Rutherford, do you write down the day you were born and the day you died in an autobiography?"

Prof.—"Clyde, maybe that's why you don't make any better grades; you are dead and don't know it."

Be Curious

Curiosity sometimes breeds trouble.

The curious-minded man who investigates money-saving, finds no trouble.

Exception: He does find trouble unless he obeys the impulse to join the world-wide money-savers. ¶ Curiosity changes point of view. ¶ Be curious to deposit some dollars at interest and see the dollar-pile development.

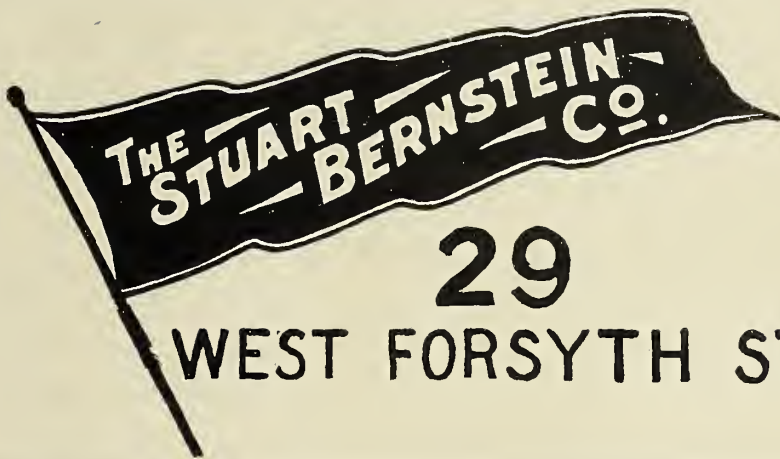
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for the Graduate



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She—"Well, I wouldn't mind being in
arms."

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*Yours for Better Things
To Eat and Drink*

Main and Bay

BOB

MILLS THE FLORIST, INC.

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Goodbye, Boys; Good Luck to You

We won't meet at old Duval next year, but we hope
to meet you in business.

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MAX N. OBERDORFER

HERBERT ZACHARIAS

Max N. Oberdorfer Insurance Agency

GENERAL INSURANCE

340 St. James Bldg.

Phone 1067

A MODERN FAMILY DINNER

Son—"Hey! shove the axle grease."

Dad—"Cut out that slang."

Mother—"That is a peach of a way to correct the kid."

Dad—"Well, I only wanted to put him wise; such lingo will make him nutty."

Son—"I should worry. Load my car again."

Soph.—"Did you ever take chloroform?"

Fresh.—"No! Who teaches it?"

JACKSONVILLE CRACKER WORKS

MANUFACTURERS
122 KINDS
JACKSONVILLE FLORIDA

BISCUIT, CRACKERS
AND CAKES

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A pair of suspenders for breaches of promise.

Springs for the ocean's bed.

Plaster to mend the break of day.

A barber to shave the face of the earth.

A dentist to work on the jaws of death.

A few seed from the flower of speech.

A pen that will write with inky blackness.

A tailor to make law suits.

A farmer to plow coffee grounds.



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AS LONG AS
BABIES ARE BORN
WITHOUT
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Going to Work?

DEPOSIT A PART OF WHAT YOU EARN
IN

The Guaranty Trust & Savings Bank

N. E. Corner Bay and Ocean Streets
Jacksonville, Florida

TWO OUT

"Is the cashier in?"
"No, he's out."
"I'm a depositor."
"Then you're out, too."

Dr. D. M. BONEY
My Optician



Ex-President of Florida State Board Optometry
Eyesight Specialist
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LOFTY AIM

The new night watchman at the college noticed some one using the big telescope. Just then a star fell.

"Begora," said the watchman, "that felly sure is a crack shot."

*Congratulations to the
Graduating Class
Our best wish---That you
individually support each
effort in life as you have
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Stinson & Jenkins

You will find our Women's Wear Specialty Shop full of
Dainty Commencement Dresses and Dancing Frocks
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A dollar a week isn't a very large amount, is it? You probably spend that much carelessly every week. Now, if you take that \$1 and say to yourself: "I'll buy my clothing with that"—wouldn't you be money ahead at the end of the year.

This is the store where \$1 a week clothes you in strictly up to date style.

Try it.

W. T. FARLEY

111 West Bay Street

Upstairs

Little marks in Latin,
Little marks in French,
Make some baseball players
Sit upon the bench.

Soph.—"You will have to keep your eyes open around here, Freshie."

Freshie—"Why?"

Soph.—"You wont see anything unless you do."

H. S. MOULTON

S. A. KYLE

Moulton & Kyle **Company**



Funeral Directors



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Iron Foundry with a daily capacity of 5 tons

Brass Foundry, Pattern and Woodworking Shop.

Machine Shop, all modern equipment.

Find out just what we can do for you—write us now.

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Two Stores

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FREE DELIVERY AND PROMPT SERVICE

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What will become of your mark
of ability if you do have it framed?

*A special price to all D. H. S.
Graduates*



HARRY FRIESEKE

"Popular Priced Picture Framer" 25 West Forsyth

Fresh—"I flunked in French today."

Soph.—"How was that?"

Fresh.—"He asked me to decline beer, and
I never could do that."

Miss M. (in Geometry)—"I got but one
paper back and I handed in two."

Prof. Bernard—"Well, I kept the other as
a curiosity."

Graduation Gifts

We suggest Bracelet Watches and
"Verithin" Watches. Also
Fine White Diamonds



V. E. JACOBS CO.

Jewelers ÷ Diamond Importers ÷ Silversmiths
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AUTOMATIC M 1863

EDENFIELD & BROWN

Smart Shoes

19 Laura Street

Jacksonville, Fla.

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HERO

Soph.—“How did you get that medal?”

Fresh.—“Saved a girl. Had a date with two, took one out last night and saved the other for tomorrow.”

THE WORST IS YET TO COME

“It’s cold out here in the hall.”

“Yes, it’s going to be frigid in class. I’m expecting zero.”

To the Mothers and Fathers of Our Country:



HERE could be no more certain way of instilling love of country into the hearts of your children than by teaching them why the Government needs many small subscriptions to the Liberty Loan. **C** Let your family as a unit buy a Liberty Loan Bond, paying for it by personal effort and sacrifices, if necessary. **C** You can buy a bond for as small an amount as \$50. in easy instalments, and we will count it a privilege to enter your subscription, without charge,

The Atlantic National Bank of Jacksonville

N-O-T-I-C-E

Prof. Rutherford says that all old excuses are worn out, such as headaches, feetaches, heartaches, got to have a tooth pulled, must have a coca-cola, etc., and please have a few new ones on hand to use when necessary.

FOR BOYS ONLY

You're a sight—
You're easily led—
I knew you read it,
If you had to stand on your head.

GOOD POSITIONS

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ACCESSORIES

TIRES

FREE AIR

CRANE'S PLACE

GOODYEAR VULCANIZING WORKS

307 W. FORSYTH

JACKSONVILLE, FLORIDA

TELEPHONE 327

"Oh!" exclaimed the fair city visitor, as a couple of calves scampered across the barnyard. "What pretty little cowlets!"

"You are mistaken, ma'am, said the old dairyman. "Them's bullets."

To be taught to say aught,
Or naught, or what ought to be taught her?
If to hoot and toot a Hottentot tot
Be taught by a Hottentot tutor,
Should the tutor get hot
If the Hottentot tot
Hoot and toot at the Hottentot tutor?

TO PROVE THAT A LAZY DOG IS EQUAL TO A PIECE OF PAPER

Prof.—"A piece of paper is an ink lined plane; an inclined plane is a slope up, and a slow pup is a lazy dog. A lazy dog is equal to a piece of paper."

Wild Eyed Customer—"I want a quarter's worth of carbolic acid."

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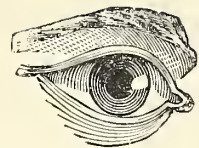
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Special Attention Given to Students. All Work Guaranteed

PHONE 2887

“Why is Susan especially fond of Fords?”
“Because they rattle and drum to perfection.”

Ann—“What’s a first-class joke?”
Jim—“I don’t know. What?”
Ann—“Why a Freshman, of course.”

Meet Me at PASCHAL’S Main and Monroe Streets

The Home of Martha Washington Candies

Conductor—“All ’board!”
Tightly Squeezed Person—“No; I’m not bored, but I’m very uncomfortable.”

Teacher—“Give the principal parts of the verb ‘die.’”
Pupil—“Die, dead, buried.”



Florida Talking Machine Company

“THE VICTROLA PLACE”

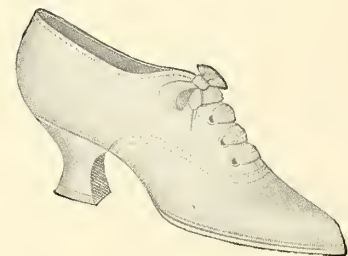
15 W. FORSYTH STREET

BISBEE BUILDING

PHONE 400

“Did you know his business had run down?”
“I supposed so. I heard he was going to wind it up.”

“Did you hear of the terrible accident that happened last night?”
“No; what was it?”
“A jitney turned over in my pocket.”



New York Shoe Company

Shoes of Quality

206 Broad St., Near Adams

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Jacksonville, Florida

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Boys and Girls, We Wish You!

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To spend a delightful afternoon and well on into the evening twilight hours, we suggest that you go to Riverview, and visit the famous Good Hope Mineral Springs. The Springs are but a few steps from the beautiful Park at Riverview, with its wonderful old trees on the banks of Six-mile Creek. No other place around Jacksonville is so attractive. The Good Hope Mineral Spring Water is noted for its curative value, and is free to those who visit the Springs. Good drinking Water makes a picnic a pleasure. You and your friends will be welcome at Riverview.

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Shoes for young men
and girls; good wearing;
up-to-date in style and
at a saving.

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THE RELIABLE SHOE SHOP



First Freshie—"My father once shot a buffalo off his back porch."

Second Freshie—"What was it doing there?"

Minister—"Young man, do you know the price of pleasure?"

"Yes, sir. Thirty cents the first mile and ten cents for every half mile after that."

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BUT OH, BOY!

THINK OF SITTING ON THE PORCH IN THE EVENING WITH *HER*, ENJOYING
THE BREEZES AND



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Main and Duval Sts. and Bay and Washington Sts.
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No. 131 West Bay Street
Stylish Footwear



Newest Spring Millinery ❖ Newest Spring Dresses
New Sport Suits, Coats, Skirts and Waists in great variety at
very moderate prices. Come see what we are now showing
JACKSON-HOYT COMPANY

Freshie—"What's the difference between
a woman, a soldier and a biscuit?"

Soph—"I don't know."

Freshie—"The woman powders her face,
and the soldier faces the powder."

Soph—"What about the biscuit?"

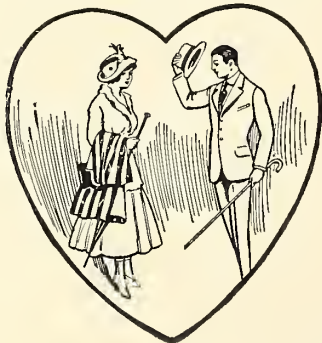
Freshie—"That's what you bite on."

"Is he very strong?"

"Well I should say. I saw him break a dol-
lar the other night."

He to She—"The hours I spend with thee,
dear heart, are as a string of pearls to me!"

She to He—"Quit, string me."



Peoples Dry Cleaning Co.

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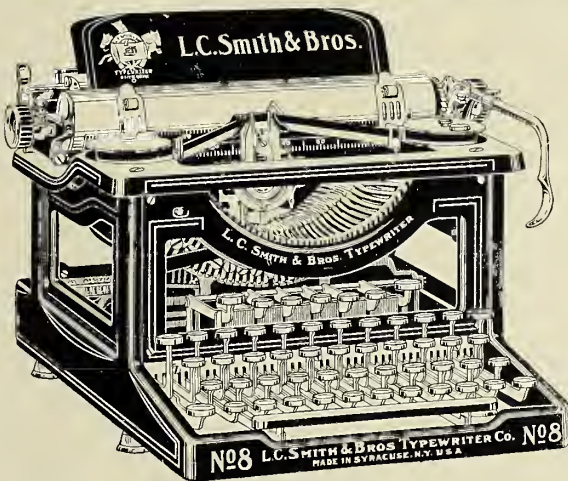
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Cream Cheese and Salt Rising Bread a Specialty

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SILENT EIGHT

SPECIAL RENTAL RATES TO STUDENTS
20 Julia Street ✧ Jacksonville

Lives there a man with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said,
As he stumps his toe against the bed:
—!!! —!!! —!!!

Jonnie O'Neal and Charlotte Perry wish to make this reply to the question in the Freshman Orale, concerning their shoes. They say: "We 'Walk Over' and get them."

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in the
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FOUR MONTHS FOR \$5.00

Ideal Fertilizers

Insecticides ✧ Spray Machines
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On examination Miss Morris asked to explain pasteurization. This was one of the answers: "Pasteurization is getting the pastures ready for the cows to come into."

Miss Rawson.—"Was Oliver Wendell Holmes cultured and refined?"

Ed. Fretwell.—"Well er-r-not necessarily."

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drop you
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Gifts of Quality

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